

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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**A FAMOUS PORTRAIT-PAINTER'S ONE "SUBJECT" PICTURE IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY:  
"AFTER THE BALL," BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.**

Sir William Orpen's only subject picture in this year's Royal Academy, here reproduced, has an eighteenth-century Venetian setting, recalling in some respects the work of Pietro Longhi. Sir William's other four exhibits

are all portraits, the sitters being the Countess of Lisburne, Miss Penelope Lawrence, M.D., Professor J. A. Fleming, F.R.S., Mr. J. Owen Unwin, and Mr. George Philippi.—[COPYRIGHT RESERVED FOR OWNER BY "ROYAL ACADEMY ILLUSTRATED,"]





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A MURMUR of discussion about the problem of Broadcasting is always going on in the papers and elsewhere, rather like the actual murmur of multitudinous sound with which that invention must fill the world. Like most fashionable discussions to-day, it contains some sense and a great deal of nonsense, and ranges from the admirably good work of bringing consolation to the old and sick, to the wild absurdity of talking about listening-in to spectacles which are obviously for the eye and not the ear. When a paper announces, "Listening-in to the Launching of a Ship," it might just as well talk about "Smelling a Famous Statue," or "Special Seats to View the Taste of Garlic." It is simply a comic contradiction or inversion of the five senses, not to say the five wits. To listen to the few confused and accidental noises that accompany a great visual spectacle must be about as satisfactory as shutting your eyes and smelling all the oil-paints of the Royal Academy. On the other hand, the more modest plea is a perfectly just and reasonable plea. It is really true that Broadcasting can be used to bring pleasure to those who are hampered in their ordinary movements by age and sickness; and the duty of bringing that pleasure, so far from being merely a modern scientific fad, ought to be recognised as a branch of the very ancient mission of human charity. It belongs to the spirit so nobly noted in one of the oldest books in the world: "Eyes was I to the blind and feet to the lame"; and there is no man in that religious tradition who will say a word against it.

But I am rather inclined to think that a healthier society would regard these things as generally unhealthy. It is a good thing to be "feet to the lame" in the sense of providing wooden legs and crutches to those who cannot otherwise walk about. But if we were to approach any athletic young gentleman of our acquaintance, and solemnly present him with a wooden leg, he would possibly regard it as an insult, if he did not regard it as a joke. He certainly would not regard it as the next step in scientific evolution that he should go about adorned with three legs. It is a good thing to be "eyes to the blind" in the sense of providing short-sighted people with spectacles or possibly with telescopes. But it is not so tactful to insist on a beautiful lady with perfect and piercing sight wearing a pair of large goggles, or to provide her with a telescope to look at herself in the looking-glass. In regard to all these props and special supports of our bodily organs, we permit science to supply deficiencies, but not to imply deficiencies, and deficiencies that are not there. A healthier society may see that what is true of our physical organs is also true of our physical senses. The athletic young man ought really to be ashamed to sit at home and listen to a concert, when he has only to walk down the street to find it. He ought to be still more ashamed to enjoy only half a play,

when by walking out of the house he could enjoy the whole play. Such people are often criticised if they merely look on at athletic sports. They ought surely to be more criticised if they only listen-in, because they are not even athletic enough to look on.

I am not at all fond of regimentation or repression; that is why I have never written a novel about Utopia, as is the case with almost all of the sinful human race who have written anything in our time. Utopia always seems to me to mean regimentation rather than emancipation; repression rather than expansion. It is generally called a Republic, and it always is a Monarchy. It is a Monarchy in the old and exact sense of the term; because it is really ruled by one man, the author of the book. He may tell us that all the characters in the book spontaneously delight in the beautiful social condition, but somehow we never believe him. His ideal world is always the world that he wants, and not the world that the world wants. Therefore, however democratic it may be in theory or in the book, it is always pretty

them to those who really cannot do without them. It will refuse them to those who would really be much better without them. If they will not take the trouble to go and hear their own favourite public orator, I really cannot see why the public orator should come to them. Of course, he does not really come to them; it is only a small part of him called his voice that comes; and many a politician will be all the safer when nobody can see his ugly face or criticise his shallow and shifty manners. The real objection to listening-in is that you cannot, however deep and earnest be your desire, tear a politician in pieces. But nobody, in any case, could expect the aged and the infirm to join in that happy youthful sport. It is not a suitable game for invalids in hospitals or old women seated by the fireside; and if they enjoy the beautiful illusion of supposing that they will learn something about politics by listening to political speeches, why should we not leave them their innocent dreams? And the more intelligent invalids and old women, who wish to listen to good music, or even to bad, have obviously a claim on all Christian people.



ONE OF THE MOST-TALKED-OF PICTURES IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY: "MORNING," BY MRS. DOD PROCTER.

Mrs. Dod Procter's picture of a sleeping girl, entitled "Morning," has elicited a chorus of praise. According to various critics, it is, "by fairly general consent, considered the finest work in the Royal Academy," "in some ways the outstanding picture of the year," and "perhaps the most significant picture of the year." It has been bought by the "Daily Mail" for presentation to the nation. Mrs. Procter lives and works at Newlyn, Penzance, where she and her husband, Mr. Ernest Procter, are leaders of the Cornish group.

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despotic when it begins to be approached in practice through the law. The first modern moves towards any Utopian condition are generally as coercive as Prohibition. All that we call Utopia is but the rather evasive and vague expression of the natural, boyish, and romantic sentiment: "If I were King."

Therefore, however ready I may be to explain what I would do, if I were King, to broadcasters and many others among my cowering subjects, I am very glad that I am not King. I do not seriously press my proposals for social management in this matter, and the broadcasters may breathe again. The millionaires and the men of science and the masters of machinery may take heart once more, for I have decided to let them live. But, since it is so much the fashion to take a fancy and then describe it as a social policy, I do not see why I should not suggest this one, which I believe to be far more sensible than most. I would suggest that a really sane society will not further extend these extended communications, but rather restrict them. It will restrict

music, but I have some rudimentary understanding of patriotism; and the failure of the Queen's Hall concerts does seem to me a definite disgrace to a great nation. I am told that people left off attending them because they could hear music on the wireless—heaven knows, not invariably the same sort of music! Now I cannot believe that all the audience of the Queen's Hall has been stricken with paralysis or now consists entirely of people who limp on one leg. And if they take it for granted that an art must always be enjoyed in the most comfortable conditions, as if they were the most inspiring conditions, I think they are wrong about the whole psychology of art. A man, who climbs a mountain to see the sunrise sees something quite different from that which is shown in a magic-lantern to a man sitting in an arm-chair. Let us be kind to the man in the armchair when he cannot get out of the armchair; but let us not assume that there are no peaks worth climbing or no theatres good enough to go to. I remember even in my childhood all the pleasures of going to the theatre, and one of the greatest pleasures was simply going there.

If Prohibitionists demand a medical certificate for brandy, why should we not demand a medical certificate for broadcasting? If a man must prove that he has a licence and a legitimate reason for importing large quantities of drugs, why should he not show a reason for dragging long streams of words through the air because he is too lazy to go and listen to them? If this sort of coercive collectivism is indeed our ideal state, cannot the police put a stop to the universal waste of crutches on people who are not cripples? Could not citizens be asked to make some effort to preserve the arts and institutions of the city in their old civic form? I do not profess any particular understanding of



# THE MISSISSIPPI DISASTER: TYPICAL SCENES OF THE GREAT FLOOD.



THE  
UNPRECEDENTED  
FLOODS ON THE  
MISSISSIPPI  
WHICH HAVE  
ALREADY  
BROUGHT RUIN TO  
200,000 PEOPLE:  
A TYPICAL SCENE  
AT THE TOWN  
OF COLUMBUS,  
IN KENTUCKY,  
SHOWING MANY  
OF THE  
SMALLER BUILD-  
INGS ALMOST  
SUBMERGED, AND  
CLUMPS OF TREES  
ISLANDED IN A  
VAST LAKE.



A MENACE  
AVERTED FROM  
NEW ORLEANS,  
WHERE IT WOULD  
MEAN "A  
MONUMENTAL  
CATASTROPHE,"  
BY DYNAMITING  
A DYKE TWELVE  
MILES FROM THE  
CITY, AND  
SACRIFICING A  
LARGE AREA OF  
CULTIVATED LAND  
TO INUNDATION:  
AN AIR VIEW  
OF FLOOD SCENES  
HIGHER UP THE  
MISSISSIPPI,  
AT NEW  
MADRID, MO.

A vivid description of the great floods on the Mississippi, which were recently diverted from New Orleans by blowing up a dyke (or levee) with dynamite, was broadcast from Memphis, Tennessee, on May 1 by Mr. Hoover, the U.S. Secretary for Commerce. He said that he had seen flood water flowing ten times faster than Niagara, and that at Vicksburg it was 6000 ft. wide and 50 ft. deep. The crest of the huge flood had passed Memphis and was then passing Vicksburg, leaving behind 200,000 ruined people and threatening ruin to many more. A monumental catastrophe to half a million people in New Orleans had perhaps been averted, but relief could not thus be brought to scores of thousands living between New Orleans and Vicksburg. Mr. Hoover

described, as an eye-witness, the immense system of dykes, 2500 miles long, stretching on both banks of the Mississippi, for 1000 miles from Cairo (Illinois) to New Orleans, with arms reaching up the large tributaries. The mighty river had by this means been confined to a trough raised above the surrounding country, where a vast population, trusting to the strength of the dykes, had built homes and cultivated farms. The dykes were a foot or two above the highest previous flood level, but this year, for the first time in history, rain had fallen over thirty States simultaneously, and floods from a dozen great rivers and lesser tributaries had been poured into the trough of the Mississippi all at once, causing an unprecedented inundation.



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## CUCKOOS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

"THE time has come, the Walrus said, to talk of many things"—of cabbages and kings—and cuckoos, for example. But I am not going to talk about the cuckoo, for this theme has been worn

inner and outermost toes turned backwards—a short beak with the nostrils piercing its base, and a long tail. These characters suffice to distinguish them from the parrots, woodpeckers, touracoes, and some others which also have zygodactyle feet. All the other evidence—and there is much—is to be found on the dissecting-table. Out of this material Nature has fashioned the cuckoo. But, by "ringing the changes" on these, she has made a most bewildering variety of forms, ranging in size from that of a sparrow to that of a raven. In the matter of their choice of food they display a no less surprising range of differences. Some, like our own bird, are entirely insectivorous; some are fruit-eaters; some prefer a mixed diet, including lizards and mice.

That they are essentially arboreal birds is shown by the arrangement of the toes, for no others possess this singular disposition of the toes, though there be some, like our nuthatch and tree-creeper, which are quite as arboreal, yet have feet of the normal avian type; that is to say, with only the great toe turned backwards. Why some should have become "yoke-footed" is one of Nature's secrets. She always makes an exception to every rule, probably to prevent us being too cocksure in our statements! These very "yoke-feet" afford an excellent illustration of this. I have just pointed out that some very intensively arboreal birds have "normal" feet. Some of these "arboreal" cuckoos rarely or never climb a tree, yet they preserve the original "yoke-foot." Since, however, they took to a terrestrial life, they have lengthened their legs, so that the

The true "hepatic" female, however, seems to start with this coloration from the beginning, the fledgling differing from the adult chiefly in having the white nape patch characteristic of the fledgling plumage of normal cuckoos.

One can assign no particular reason for the coloration of the cuckoos so far mentioned, though one cannot escape a suspicion that the coloration of our bird may be due to mimicry, the model being the sparrowhawk. I have, indeed, known even gamekeepers to mistake the one bird for the other. It is obviously to the advantage of the cuckoo if she can scare her dupes away from their nests when she is about to foist her eggs upon them. A much more certain instance of such mimicry is furnished by the Indian drongo-cuckoo, which has assumed a most remarkable likeness to the drongo-shrike, on which it foists its young. In the adjoining photograph (Fig. 1) the male and female drongo are shown immediately above the male and female cuckoo.

The case of the Indian köel already referred to is yet more striking; and this because its dupes, a species of mynah, at all seasons, male, female, and young, are black. Now, the rule is, when the female differs from the male in coloration, for the young to resemble the mother. If the young cuckoos followed this rule, they would, as fledglings, assume a brown coloration, which would at once excite the suspicions of their foster-parents and ensure their speedy ejection from the nest, which would entail their speedy death. And so the young birds, of both

sexes, assume the black dress of the male parent, thus harmonising with the coloration of the young drongo-shrikes. Not until the females have left the nest do they put off this black livery and assume that worn by the adult female. A more striking instance of mimicry among birds it would be impossible to find. Bearing these facts in mind, we shall the more appreciate the peculiarities of our own bird; for we are afforded a standard of comparison which will enlarge our conceptions, and direct attention to aspects in its life-history which may well lead to new insight and new discoveries.

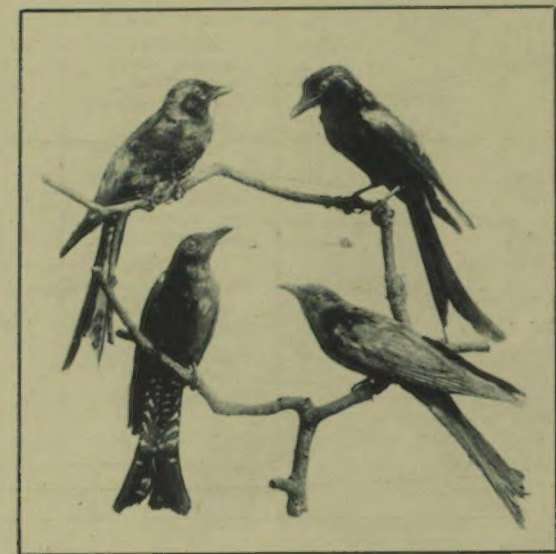


FIG. 1. MIMICRY OF COLORATION ENABLING CUCKOOS TO FOIST THEIR YOUNG ON OTHER BIRDS: (ABOVE) A MALE AND FEMALE INDIAN DRONGO-SHRIKE; (BELOW) THE VERY SIMILAR MALE AND FEMALE DRONGO-CUCKOO.

The drongo-cuckoo has derived its name from the fact that it mimics, in form and coloration, the drongo-shrike, which is always chosen as the foster-parent.

to rags. The poor bird has been apostrophised by some and anathematised by others till but little that is new remains to be said. That little, however, does embrace some interesting and hitherto neglected aspects of this bird; aspects which have escaped general attention because they concern anatomical features, which, in spite of their apparently uninviting character, really are worth considering, even by those who profess no anatomical knowledge. These, however, must await attention till another occasion. I want now to discuss cuckoos rather than the cuckoo. And I suspect that it will come as a surprise to many when they are told that there are about a dozen sub-families, more than forty distinct genera, and over two hundred species of cuckoos.

A study of this formidable assemblage is vastly entertaining to those who are interested in the history of "cuckoos in the making." Surveyed in this broad fashion, they display a surprising range of differences in the matter of size, coloration, and habits, as well as in their vocal capacities. For it is only "our" bird (Fig. 4) and its very near relatives that utter that onomatopoeic cry which makes some people feel so "uplifted," and drives others to feelings akin to murder! All depends on temperament and where you happen to be living! What is a cuckoo, to begin with? Of course, I can only answer this question by giving you a sort of "adumbration" of a cuckoo, a thing which my scientific colleagues would call a "schematic" cuckoo; that is to say, the qualities and characters which are shared alike by all birds of the cuckoo-tribe, whatever their differences may be, and are found in no other birds. Even here, however, I am hampered, for I cannot bring myself to include a number of purely anatomical details which would not be edifying—and this page is nothing if it is not that!

Briefly, then, a cuckoo is an arboreal bird with a "zygodactyle" foot—that is to say, having the



FIG. 2. AN ORIENTAL TYPE: THE INDIAN KÖEL—THE SPOTTED FEMALE, WHOSE YOUNG RESEMBLE THE MALE BIRD TO DUPE CROWS.

The Indian köel (*Eudynamis honorata*) differs in every particular from our cuckoo, the male being black, the female brown flecked and spotted with white. Like our bird, it is parasitic. The female lays her eggs in the nests of crows, and the young do not, as with our bird, eject their foster brothers and sisters from the nest. And this because, as they are fed upon flesh diet, less frequent meals are necessary than in the case of an insect diet. So the foster-parents are able to provide for all the occupants of the nest.

American "road-runner" runs about on veritable stilts! All the tree-dwellers have extremely short legs. We get a precisely similar lengthening of the legs in other markedly short-legged types, such as the parrots and the pigeons. The long-legged crowned pigeon of New Guinea affords an admirable example.

The coloration of these wonderful birds is no less remarkable. The primitive father of all the cuckoos was, no doubt, of a sober brown colour, relieved by darker streaks or spots and, perhaps, a white breast. This type of livery is still to be seen, at least in the females of some species—as, for example, in the case of the Indian köel, wherein the male (Fig. 3) is black, and the female (Fig. 2) brown, flecked and spotted with white. Herein this species differs conspicuously from our own bird, wherein the sexes are difficult to distinguish. There is, however, a curious exception to this rule; and this is furnished by certain females, somewhat rare, wherein the general tone of the plumage is rufous, constituting what is known as the "hepatic phase." It may well be that this is reminiscent of an ancestral plumage, inasmuch as fledgling cuckoos present two types: a dark-brown type, heavily barred with white, even on the throat and crown of the head, and with a white patch on the nape; and a distinctly rufous type, with white feathers on the crown as well as a white patch on the nape.

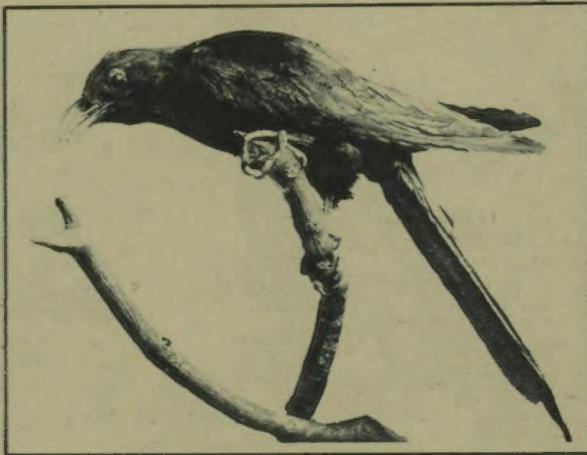


FIG. 3. THE BLACK MALE BIRD OF THE INDIAN KÖEL: A SPECIES OF CUCKOO THAT FOISTS ITS YOUNG (BLACK, LIKE THE FATHER) ON A KIND OF CROW KNOWN AS THE MYNAH.



FIG. 4. THE ONLY CUCKOO THAT "CALLS HIS NAME TO ALL THE HILLS": OUR ENGLISH SPECIES (*CUCULUS CANORUS*).

The male and female of the cuckoo (*Cuculus canorus*) are practically indistinguishable in coloration. The young are more heavily barred, and sometimes they present a "rufous" phase, which is intensified occasionally in adult females.



# THE FLOOD THAT THREATENED NEW ORLEANS WITH A CATASTROPHE.

THE TWO MIDDLE PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD.



THE GREAT FLOODS ON THE MISSISSIPPI: TYPICAL SCENES AT BRANSON, MISSOURI, WHERE IN PARTS OF THE TOWN WATER ROSE NEARLY TO THE HOUSE-TOPS.



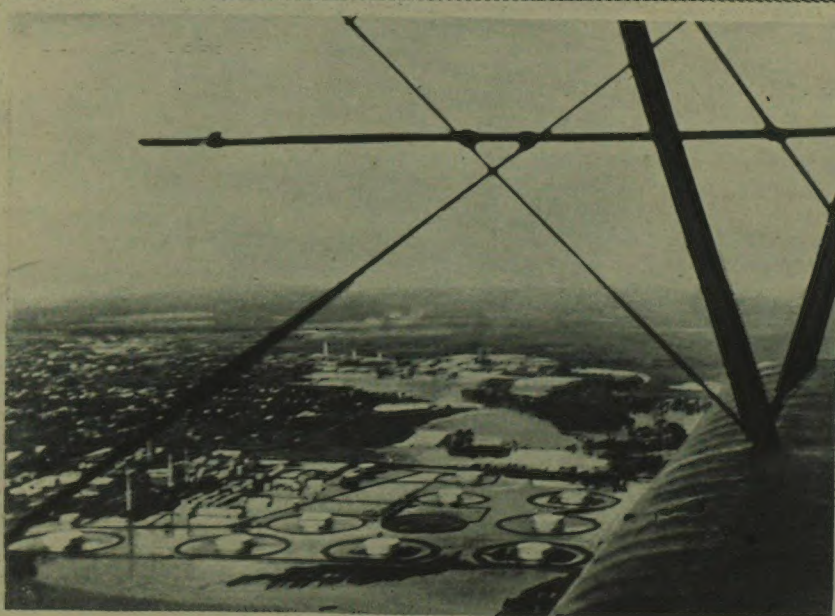
WHERE FLOOD WATER LAPPED THE TOPS OF PROTECTIVE EMBANKMENTS NO HIGHER THAN THE ROOFS OF BUILDINGS JUST BEHIND THEM: NEW ORLEANS, AND THE GREAT BEND OF THE MISSISSIPPI.



EVACUATED BY THE WHOLE POPULATION: A FLOODED AREA AT NEW MADRID, MISSOURI, WHERE THE ST. FRANCIS RIVER JOINS THE MISSISSIPPI.



IN NEW ORLEANS (THE "PARIS" OF THE UNITED STATES) FROM WHICH THE FLOOD WAS DIVERTED BY DYNAMITING A DYKE: A VIEW SHOWING A PUBLIC GRAIN ELEVATOR.



FLOODED TERRITORY IN OKLAHOMA ON THE RIVER VERDIGRIS, A SUB-TRIBUTARY OF THE MISSISSIPPI: AN AIR-VIEW SHOWING AN INUNDATED OIL-REFINERY.



WITH A TIMBER BUILDING FLOATING DOWN STREAM AND LIVESTOCK PENNED IN AN IMPROVISED FENCE OF OLD BED-SPRINGS: THE SWOLLEN MISSISSIPPI AT MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

As noted on a previous page, it was stated on May 1 that the flood danger had been diverted from New Orleans by breaching the dyke some twelve miles from the city, which has been called "the Paris of the United States." How great the peril was may be gathered from a previous report (in the "Mail" of April 30) which said: "At noon (on the 29th) the angry waters of the Mississippi were already lapping voraciously at the tops of the dykes protecting the metropolitan area. As these embankments rise no higher than the roofs of the buildings immediately behind them, the menace to New Orleans was a terrifying one." The dynamiting of the dyke, at Poydras, meant the inundation of a tract of some 700 square miles extending to the Gulf of Mexico. Soldiers were spread fanwise

to warn the few hundred residents in the area who had refused to forsake their homes, and an aeroplane signalled that the country to be submerged was cleared of civilians before the dynamite charges were detonated. The 1500 lb. of dynamite exploded on the 29th proved inadequate to cause a sufficient breach in the dyke, but when 3000 lb. more was used the next day it gradually opened a gap 600 ft. wide, through which water poured at the rate of 250,000 cubic feet per second. This caused the flood level at New Orleans to recede some two inches, and it was hoped the danger was averted, though strenuous efforts were still necessary. The engineers directed a huge army of workers to keep intact the embankments protecting the city. Further up the river the havoc continued to increase.



# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

## THE "PLAY-SHOP."—YOUNG JAPAN REPLIES.

AN omnivorous reader of foreign plays, I have found that I can get practically anything in London, from Chinese bird-nest jelly to an Egyptian mummy, except foreign dramas. If there is a success in Paris, and the play is in print, you may do a round of foreign libraries and find it in a few weeks' time, unless you order it at your own cost of postage, and then from four to five days is the minimum time of transit. If you want a German play, you may scour the Metropolis and never find it at all. The same applies, more cogently, to Dutch, Scandinavian, Italian, and Spanish works: you may lay your hand on a few classics, but a modern play of these countries is an unknown quantity. The bookseller, in his defence, may probably say, "There is no demand." That is an obvious but specious plea; demand is not always a spontaneous thing, it grows by stimulation. Besides, it is an antiquated excuse. The order of things has changed; people do read plays. Most of the publishers find it a lucrative branch of their business to issue them. The great house of Benn—our most active play-publisher—can show that plays which enjoyed a good run prove excellent sellers requiring repeated editions.

The same applies to foreign plays. With the growing development of the "little theatres" and theatre societies, the insular eye has become alert. There is a phalanx of young managers, producers, and actors on the look-out for what is going on abroad, and, if there were opportunities to get hold of the latest foreign novelties, our horizon would widen still more rapidly than it does now. For whatever comes to us is generally the discovery of the stray observer. There is no system; there is no regular source of information; in our foreign bookshops there is no one who, with knowledge and authority, could satisfy the enquiries of the student. I will wager that not one foreign library could give a keynote of the plays of the "jeunes" in France.

In Paris, on the Boulevard des Italiens, there is a shop, the Librairie Théâtrale, which buzzes and flourishes like the proverbial beehive. Here the play-reader can find the whole output of French drama at a glance, latterly Italian and Spanish plays

where, besides the classics of many countries, the World of the Theatre lies before one like an open book. A place in constant contact with the capitals of other countries; where there is a stock of modern foreign (and, of course, English) play-publications; where there are catalogues for consultation; where orders can be executed with despatch; where there is a cosy room set apart for the student to inspect and peruse the new publications. Last, but not least, where a well-informed person acts as guide,

and if I am allowed to be frank, do not care much for tragedies or plays short of lighter elements in them. They seem to think too highly of amorous scenes where you can be entertained with so much unreserved showing of corporal beauty, and with pronounced signs of affections—so much so that they are really 'shocking' to the Oriental eye. Whereas some of Shakespeare's or Hardy's plays—as seen here—draw a small house: which shows that people do not like seeing plays in which human mind or affection suffers under the weight of irony of fate. Life's ironies are too heavy for the modern mind. Recently I was one of the two Japanese visiting the King's Theatre at Hammersmith, where I enjoyed much of what I might call genuine 'Shakespeare tragedy,' or tragical spirit, in Sir Frank Benson and others acting parts of 'Julius Cæsar.' I liked best such scenes as Act III., Sc. 2, and Act IV., Sc. 3, of it, where only first-class actors would do full justice to the parts.

"It is in those parts that I should very much like to have our actors endeavour to excel, and I hope that the Japanese student you mentioned in your article will do his best in introducing to the Japanese stage some of the very best plays, to be rendered understandingly by the able performers who are so well versed in Western manners as to make them appreciated by the audience in the too sober Empire. For, in my country, too much laughter and coquetry are regarded as signs of vulgarity, and they would be rejected by ladies and gentlemen. So I doubt if plays like 'Blackbirds' or 'Princess Charming'—I do not mean to slight them—would appeal to the Japanese audience were they to cross the ocean to the Japanese stage. People there have been so long accustomed to plays with 'Bushido' spirit as the theme. The mother would rejoice in the loss of her beloved son for the cause of justice and loyalty, and the dying father would be only too willing to send his son away from his bedside to the battle for their lordmaster. Jazz and Charleston should not be in too great haste to reach the tranquil shores of the Islands, to clamour to the ears and to dazzle the eyes of the people that have got their arts of sombre



IN "LE SPECTRE DE LA ROSE": MME. KARSAVINA AS SHE APPEARS WITH MR. ANTON DOLIN AT THE LONDON COLISEUM.

philosopher, and friend. Just before the war such a theatrical Mecca was in course of development. Two young men, Mr. McCall and Mr. Grant Allen—the famous novelist's son—had, with my aid, founded the "Play Centre." It had offices in Piccadilly; it had an arrangement with the Librairie Théâtrale in Paris and German publishers. It was busy planning contracts of "sale or return" in many countries; it had collected in a few months a library of some thousands of volumes; it began to do well and the clientele grew apace, when the fateful Fourth of August hurtled like a bolt from the blue, and laid this young business (and countless other enterprises) in ruins. But from its ashes we saved one valuable item, and that was the conviction that there was in London room and need for such a centre of theatrical activities; a public eager to enquire, ready to buy. Since then, the interest in printed plays, English and foreign, has grown apace; the outlook is full of possibilities, not only of enlightenment, but of revenue—publishing, translating, negotiating. Surely there must be some among our readers whom so sound an undertaking would tempt to devote to it his means, his intelligence, and his enterprise. And whoever declares his (or her) readiness to till this new field may rest assured of the cordial co-operation, advice, and support of the countless friends of the theatre in that Cosmopolis which is London.

A recent article in this page on the modern stage of Japan has elicited a reply from a young Japanese in our midst, Mr. K. Ueda, which, I think, will prove interesting to our readers, as it graphically distinguishes the difference between Eastern and Western ethics. Mr. Ueda says:

"I would not profess to be a connoisseur of the drama, but I am sure I am one of the very few Japanese staying in London spending their time in visiting theatres here for the sake of study, not for mere pleasure. Some people here, so far as I understand,

hues and quieter colours, and their music of gentler and deeper tones.

"There is one actress who was the harbinger of the modern drama in Japan. Her name was Mlle. Matsui Sumako. She made herself famous in her rôles in plays of Tolstoi, Ibsen, and Turgenev. No writer of the history of modern Japanese drama, based on those of the West, will fail to spare a page or two on her account. She had an able producer and translator in Dr. Shimanuera, late professor in Waseda University, Tokio, who had spent some years in Europe (at one time studying very hard at Oxford), and who had introduced many of Western dramas into the Japanese stage in his translations."



IN "THE VAGABOND KING," AT THE WINTER GARDEN THEATRE: MISS WINNIE MELVILLE AS KATHERINE DE VAUCELLES.

too. It is not a reposeful place: there is no comfortable chair to *feuilleter* the publications, but there is a well-informed librarian who will graphically outline the nature of new plays if the *genre* required is pointed out to him. Nor is the Librairie, in my opinion, quite complete in its activities. You would not find a German, Dutch, or Scandinavian play there; but then we have to remember that the French are not very much inclined to widen their sphere. They, if anything, are burdened with over-production at home, and, under all circumstances, far less accessible to foreign influences than other nations.

Now, what we want in London, and I feel sure will prove a fruitful vine to the young man or woman who may take it in hand, is a Theatrical Bookshop



IN "THE VAGABOND KING," AT THE WINTER GARDEN THEATRE: MR. DEREK OLDHAM AS FRANÇOIS VILLON.



## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**BRIG.-GENERAL SIR JOSEPH BYRNE.**  
Appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Sierra Leone. Formerly Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Seychelles, since 1922. Inspector-General, Royal Irish Constabulary, 1916-20.



**SIR ALEXANDER RANSFORD SLATER.**  
Appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Gold Coast, in succession to Sir Frederick Gordon Guggisberg. Formerly Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Sierra Leone.



**THE LATE DR. W. COLLINGRIDGE.**  
Medical Officer of the City of London, 1901-1913. Formerly Medical Officer of the Port of London, 1880-1901. During the war in charge of Auxiliary Medical Hospital 122, in Kent.



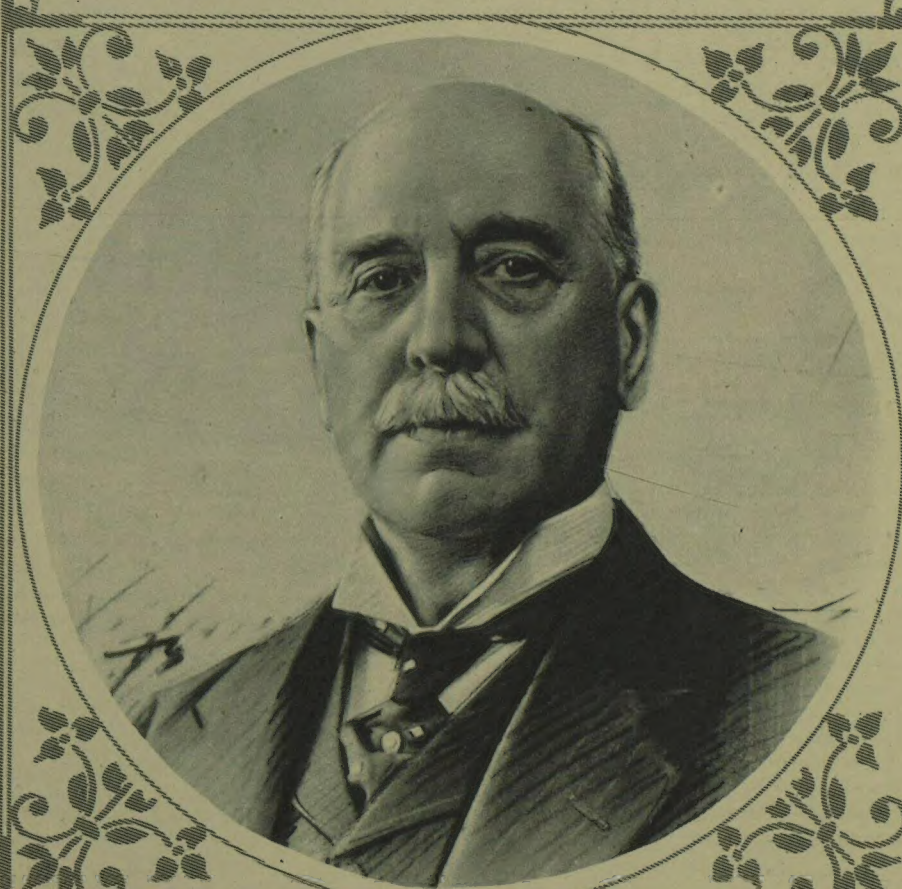
**MR. JOHN BUCHAN, M.P.**  
Conservative candidate in the Scottish Universities bye-election, returned by a majority of 14,585 over the Labour candidate. Distinguished as a novelist, essayist, and historian of the Great War.



**THE HEIRESS TO THE DUTCH THRONE COMES OF AGE: PRINCESS JULIANA OF HOLLAND (THE ONLY CHILD OF QUEEN WILHELMINA), WHOSE EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY WAS CELEBRATED AT THE HAGUE ON APRIL 30.**



**THE NEW FIRST SEA LORD: ADMIRAL-OF-THE-FLEET SIR CHARLES MADDEN, BT., WITH HIS DAUGHTERS JOAN (LEFT) AND HOPE, PLAYING GOLF.**



**A GREAT CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY: THE LATE LORD COWDRAY, HEAD OF THE FAMOUS FIRM OF CONTRACTORS, S. PEARSON AND CO.**

Sir Joseph Byrne served in the South African War, and was wounded in the Siege of Ladysmith.—Sir Ransford Slater was Colonial Secretary of the Gold Coast from 1914 to 1922.—Dr. Collingridge volunteered for medical service in the Turco-Serbian War of 1875. As Medical Officer to the Port of London he did fine work in preventing the entrance of ship-borne diseases.—Mr. John Buchan is a publisher and lecturer as well as a writer. During the war he was on the Army Headquarters Staff in France and became a Lieutenant-Colonel. Later he was Director of Information.—Princess Juliana can now, according to the Dutch Constitution, take her seat in the Council of State and succeed to the Throne without a Regency.—Sir Charles Madden has been appointed to succeed Earl Beatty, who is retiring, as First Sea Lord of the Admiralty. Sir Charles

was Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic Fleet 1919-22, and was promoted Admiral-of-the-Fleet in 1924. He entered the Navy in 1875. During the war he was Chief of Staff of the Grand Fleet to Admiral Jellicoe (his brother-in-law) in the "Iron Duke" until after Jutland, and for the last two years was Second in Command of the Grand Fleet in the "Revenge."—Lord Cowdray died suddenly, in the early hours of May 1 at his Scottish home, Dunecht House, Aberdeenshire. He was to have received, with Lady Cowdray, the freedom of Aberdeen on May 3. Formerly known as Sir Weetman Pearson, he was a grandson of the founder of the firm of S. Pearson and Co., which was enormously developed under his guidance. He was M.P. (Liberal) for Colchester, 1895-1910, and during the war was President of the Air Board in 1917.



# "A MAN MUST PLAY HIS PART."

"NAPOLEON." By EMIL LUDWIG.\*

WHAT is Paris saying? That was the question Napoleon was always asking himself in the intervals between fighting, legislating, declaiming, and dictating to wearied secretaries. What is Paris saying? And by Paris he meant the princes and peoples of the world; for there is no power without publicity for one who knows only how to command. The Corsican "upstart" visioned a League of Nations in Europe, but he would have been its overlord: "You are vassals, but free!" He had no use for the lion couchant on an Imperial seal; there must be an eagle volant. "He who does not soar with me ceases to belong to my family." "The throne is nothing more than a piece of wood covered with satin. I, and I alone, represent the people. I am the State." "So long as I live, I must be obeyed." "I want no tribunes of the people! I myself am the great tribune." Those were his avowals.

At the height of his career he said to his Austrian Ambassador: "Don't you make any mistake, I am a Roman Emperor, in the best line of the Cæsars. Chateaubriand has compared me with Tiberius, who could only travel from Rome to Capri. A pretty idea! Trajan, Aurelian—that would be another story. They were self-made men who shook the world out of old ruts. Do you not see the resemblances between my régime and that of Diocletian? The net so widely spread; the Emperor's eyes everywhere; the civil authority omnipotent throughout an Empire that is fundamentally warlike. . . . A man is born to be a Cæsar."

To Marie Walewska he said: "You marvel at my manifold activities. I have to keep watch on all my posts. Before, I was only an acorn. Now I am an oak, the ruler of nations. All eyes are fixed on me because I am in so outstanding a position. A man must play his part. . . ."

In his will he wrote, when leaving souvenirs to his son: "It is my wish that this slight bequest may be dear to him, as recalling to him the memory of a father of whom the universe will discourse to him."

And there were many more revelatory declarations; notably, perhaps, his incredulous "What, no war?" when he was told of an island tribe who were weaponless; and his remark, when discussing his habit of reproving people: "According as they react, I discover the pitch of their souls. If I strike brass with a glove, it gives back no tone; but if I strike it with a hammer, it rings out."

Yet Emil Ludwig's "Napoleon" is less a study of Power than of Predestination. In whatever phase—land patriot, clannish keeper of his family, artilleryist, general, First Consul, creator of the Code Napoléon, Emperor "according to the Constitution of the Republic," rewarder of efficiency, subtle opponent of the Talleyrands and the Fouchés, enemy of commercial England, exile on Elba, and prisoner on St. Helena—the man, mighty as he is, is merely the plaything of a mightier. "When, during the Russian disaster, he was asked who, in spite of all, would defend him in France, he replied: 'My name!' His contemporaries and posterity have held this fundamental feeling to be ambition. That view is mistaken. Common ambition distinguishes itself from Napoleon's self-confidence as a restless, climbing animal does from a bird of prey whose free flight, by a law of nature, assumes wider and wider circles as it swings heavenwards. Napoleon's aspiration is neither restless nor envious; it is nothing but his natural disposition."

Destiny and Defiance: those are the key-words of the career; the uncontrollable and the uncontrolled; the spirit and the sword, the only two forces he allowed.

"In the long run," he said, "the sword will always be conquered by the spirit." He was the little Corporal, the soldier in the old green coat; he was the wearer of the purple who crowned himself with golden laurels, turning his back upon the altar and the Pope; but none realised better than he that the spirit of the land as materialised in the people must be acknowledged and obeyed. In the hours of his youth and health, when strategy and diplomacy were united in him, when he thought of the fierce and fickle French, "this nation of the ambitious"

who cannot endure reverses, nothing would have persuaded him to recall the glories of his Court when, after Elba and outlawry, he drove through the bewildered crowds of the Champ de Mai in his coronation coach, a Cæsar "picturesquely attired in white silk, almost overshadowed by a hat decked with huge ostrich plumes, and burdened by his vast coronation mantle; a solitary man, glittering with gold"—and on the way to Waterloo—as ever, a living contradiction.

Behind such flummery, of course, was his determination to found a dynasty to carry on his name and rule. Had he been content with conquests, he would have been happier. The camp was more congenial than the court. He was essentially the master of maps and of warriors, a visionary who was a mathematician, with coloured pins to mark positions and careful calculations as to cannon fodder. "The man who turns pale at the sight of a dying horse, who cannot bear to see a human being pass away, remains and must remain impassive when, in his army lists, he adds up the figures, shifts the hundreds of thousands

confidence and his energy. Continually at war with the calculating part of his nature, fantasy, in the end, brings this harbourer of opposites to destruction. The imaginative power, which links the poet to the statesman . . . is also the source of his knowledge of men and his guide to the management of men. But always his energy interacts with other qualities. One who, for analytical purposes, would force the living whole of his character into a framework of a system, cannot avoid, from time to time, breaking threads that he may bind other threads together. 'I know not what I do, for everything depends on events. I have not a will of my own, but expect everything from their outcome. . . . The greater one is, the less one can have a will. One is always dependent upon events and circumstances.' " A profound truth, surprisingly strange from the pen of one who convinced himself often enough that he was master of his fate and captain of his soul.

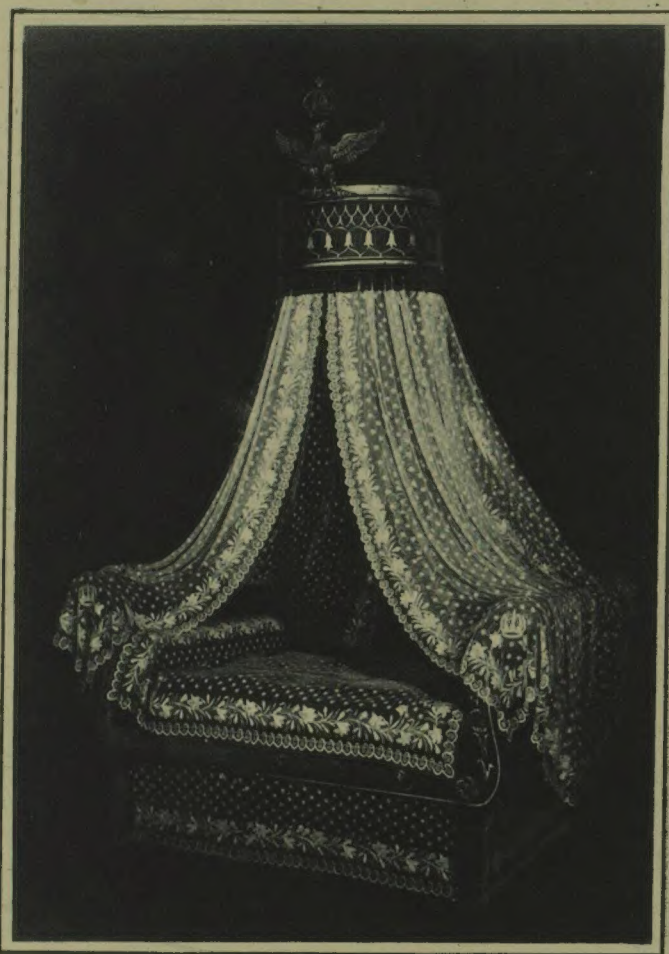
"Events and circumstances"; twin terrors to be faced by the would-be creator of the future; terrors of ardent youth and ailing age. "Events and circumstances"—"only the sword-belt belongs to France; the edge is my own": thus the young Corsican; then Toulon, "a new star in the firmament"; Paris as a battle-field; the Army of Italy; the call to the East—"Only in the East have there been great empires and mighty changes"; Egypt, the Battle of the Pyramids, Jaffa, Acre, Aboukir, the picture of himself on the road to Asia, "the founder of a new religion, mounted on an elephant, wearing a turban, and holding a new Koran. . . ."; the Eighteenth Brumaire; First Consul and outlaw; the climbing of the Great St. Bernard, with guns on tree-trunk sleighs; Marengo; Life-Consul; Emperor; the threats and acts of England; Trafalgar; the taking of Vienna; Austerlitz; Jena; Berlin; Poland; Spain; Wagram; the divorcing of Josephine and the wedding of Marie Louise; Russia and Moscow and the retreat of the "ghosts in rags, in scorched cloaks, lean, grey, with matted beards, bent and silent: prisoners of fate"; and so on, to the Battle of the Nations; and, for the first time, in "Notre Dame, where for twenty years nothing has been heard but thanksgiving services, prayers are now offered up on behalf of the success of French arms." At Arcis-sur-Aube, the General once more: "The red of sunset reminds us of the glories of sunrise." Then the first abdication and Elba—two million francs as annual subsidy, the title of Emperor, a guard of four hundred men—the escape and the march to Paris; Ligny and Waterloo; the second abdication; thoughts of refuge in the United States; the appeal to the Prince Regent of England: "I come, like Themistocles, to throw myself upon the hospitality of the British people"—the *Bellerophon*; and "the rock," St. Helena. What a record for the reading of those two impostors "Triumph and Disaster"!

"To live means to suffer; but the brave man is continually striving for self-mastery, and achieves it in the end," wrote Napoleon when Hortense's boy died. He believed his words, but he was not always stoical enough to apply them during the last phase. To realise the errors of the past was bad, to be a prisoner was worse; to fall to "General Buonaparte" stung him to the quick; to be under Sir Hudson Lowe he found intolerable. He forgot—as Emil Ludwig is tempted to forget—what would have happened to the Governor had the Terror of Europe managed to escape; and, as a consequence, he would have agreed whole-heartedly with the thrashing given later by Las Cases's son—which is by no means the impartial Dr. Holland Rose's reading of the affair!

As a result, he died not only in the pain of "gastric spasms," but in rancour, miserably conscious of his fall; and yet with the fine words of long ago—"France! . . . Armée! . . . Tête d'Armée . . . Joséphine!" It was the end he had sensed years before, even as his powers ripened: "I feel that I am being driven towards an unknown goal. But as soon as I have reached it, as soon as I have no longer an inexorable mission, an atom will suffice to overthrow me. Till then, no human powers can effect anything against me. The days are numbered." The Man of Destiny!

It is written of this book that it is in its sixty-third thousand in the United States and its seventy-fifth thousand in Germany; its success here should correspond.

E. H. G.



A RELIC OF NAPOLEON—THE MOST PERFECT SPECIMEN OF POINT D'ALENÇON LACE IN EXISTENCE COMING UNDER THE HAMMER: A MAGNIFICENT GARNITURE DE LIT BEGUN FOR THE EMPEROR'S FIRST WIFE, AND PRESENTED TO HER SUCCESSOR.

In the catalogue of an important sale of porcelain, textiles, statuary, furniture, and musical instruments, announced by Messrs. Sotheby for May 13, we read: "This garniture, made to the order of Napoleon I., was probably originally intended for the Empress Josephine, but, being unfinished at the time of her divorce, was presented to Marie Louise, and the original bed for which it was designed is now in Malmaison. The set comprises—valence, 7½ yards long, 19 in. wide; bedspread, 80 in. by 75 in.; two curtains, each 98 in. by 144 in., and *roi de ciel*, 45 in. square. It is undoubtedly the most perfect and valuable specimen of Point d'Alençon in existence." Owing to its intricacy, this lace was rarely used for such large articles. The amount of handiwork and the time devoted to the making of this example must have been prodigious.—[By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby and Co.]

from column to column, and erases the myriads of slain. Is not war made with human lives, and does it not end with corpses? What is the use of reproaching a craftsman for using the tools of his trade?"

Here, in fact, was the scientific wager of war, attacking without passion, as a chess-player meets his fellow, fascinated by move and counter-move, concentrated upon the game, striving keenly to win, but conscious neither of hatred nor malice, and even willing to act magnanimously to the beaten. Did not he himself know defeat—in the field, in debate, and in love? The "exceptional man" was aware that he was fallible.

Seldom, however, would he permit the thought, save in his innermost heart. To enemy and friend alike, he was the unconquerable. Nevertheless, it is written: "Imagination, the third element of his personality, is the real driving force of his self-

\* "Napoleon." By Emil Ludwig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. (George Allen and Unwin; 21s. net.)



# THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1927: WOMANHOOD IN UNCONVENTIONAL SETTINGS.

No. 3 BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST; PHOTOGRAPH BY COSTER, COPYRIGHT RESERVED; COPYRIGHT OF THE REST RESERVED FOR OWNERS BY "ROYAL ACADEMY ILLUSTRATED."



1. "CUDDLE IN," BY GEMMELL HUTCHISON.



2. "SVILATA, AVATI AND AUGALI SEN, DAUGHTERS OF MR. AND MRS. RIMSOD SEN," BY FRANK O. SALISBURY.



3. "THE LADY LETTICE LYGON," BY SIMON ELWES.



4. "THE BLACK SHAWL," BY LEWIS BAUMER.

These four charming pictures may perhaps be classified as examples of the unconventional in the treatment of womanhood, whether in portraiture or unnamed figure studies in an imaginary setting. The setting may be fanciful or realistic in character, but in either case there is something that removes the subject from the sphere of the commonplace. Mr. Frank O. Salisbury, it may be mentioned,

has two other works in the Academy this year, one a portrait of Sir Alan Cobham, the famous long-distance airman, and the other a scene of motoring interest called "The Enchanted Road," which is reproduced on our double-page of "subject" pictures in this number. Lady Lettice Lygon is the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess Beauchamp.



## THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1927: HISTORICAL AND

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## "SUBJECT" PICTURES OF OUTSTANDING INTEREST.

"HOLLAND HOUSE" BY "ROYAL ACADEMY ILLUSTRATED."



"LANDSDOWNE HOUSE; INTERIOR," BY A. VAN ANKROO.



"HOLLAND HOUSE, KENSINGTON," BY ALGERNON NEWTON.



"THE OLD OAK," BY ALFRED J. MUNNINGS, R.A.



"THE DEATH OF MONTEZUMA," BY CHARLES RICKETTS A.R.A.



"THE L.N.E.R. MUSICAL SOCIETY AT QUEEN'S HALL," BY FREDERICK W. ELWELL.



"THE BRITISH FLEET OFF JUTLAND, 6.22 P.M., ON MAY 31, 1916," BY W. L. WYLLIE, R.A.



"THE CORNISH RIVIERA," BY S. J. LAMORNA BIRCH, A.R.A.



"THE ENCHANTED ROAD," BY FRANK O. SALISBURY.



"THEATRE MARCELLUS," BY SYDNEY LEE, A.R.A.



"DON JUAN WITNESSES HIS OWN FUNERAL," BY CHARLES RICKETTS, A.R.A.

The death of Montezuma II., the Aztec Emperor of ancient Mexico, occurred in 1520. He was a great warrior and lawgiver, but he had made himself unpopular by his arrogance. Consequently, when Cortez landed at Vera Cruz in 1519 he was well received by the people, and was easily able to make Montezuma prisoner. Montezuma was slain while making a speech, at the request of his captor, with a view to ending hostilities.—Holland House, the historic mansion in Kensington, was built in 1607 by Sir Walter Cope, father-in-law of Henry Rich, Earl of Holland (Lincolnshire), from whom it took its name. It was in the time of the third Lord Holland (1773-1840) that the house became famous as a centre of London Society, and a meeting-place of all

"the wit and beauty of England." Many notable gatherings there are recorded in the diary of Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, at one time a constant guest.—Mr. W. L. Wyllie's picture of the Battle of Jutland was painted for the United Services Club.—The Theatre of Marcellus, at Rome, is one of the ancient monuments of classical antiquity which have been restored, by clearing away squalid modern buildings. This work was part of the great scheme of restoration planned by Signor Mussolini when he became the first Governor of Rome a year ago. The progress of the restorations was celebrated recently, on April 21 (the Birthday of Rome) by a visit of eminent men of science and literature to the various sites.



# THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1927: EXAMPLES OF FASHIONABLE PORTRAITURE.

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"THE HON. MRS. ARTHUR HOWARD," BY JAMES McBEY.



"THE LADY MOIRA COMBE," BY JOHN A. M. HAY.



"MRS. BEVERLEY  
HAMILTON  
LYON," BY  
SIR JOHN  
LAVERY, R.A.



"MISS FAY COMPTON," BY JOHN B. SOUTER.

The fashionable portraiture of any period is interesting, not only from the artistic point of view, but as holding up a mirror, as it were, to the dominant types of womanhood and the prevailing fashions of the day. A significant contrast, for example, would be afforded by comparing Mr. Souter's portrait of Miss Fay Compton with those of famous actresses of bygone days, such as Mrs. Siddons or Mrs. Robinson, by Old Masters. In dress and coiffure, again, the modern woman evinces a taste for simplicity in complete antithesis to the elaborate artificiality of former times. Sir John Lavery has five other portraits in the Academy, of Lady Oppenheimer, Mrs. W. W. Dobson, Mrs. Nicholas Murray Butler, Mrs. Walter Rosen (in an "interior") and Mr. Reginald Benson Jacomb.



# THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1927: SPLENDOURS OF THE KING'S LONDON HOME.

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"THE CHINESE  
CHIPPENDALE  
ROOM,  
BUCKINGHAM  
PALACE,"  
BY  
RICHARD JACK,  
R.A.



"THE  
BLUE DRAWING-  
ROOM,  
BUCKINGHAM  
PALACE,"  
BY  
RICHARD JACK,  
R.A.

The interior of Buckingham Palace is less familiar, even to Londoners (apart from the privileged few who have the *entrée*, or go thither on official business), than is that of Windsor Castle, where the State Apartments are often thrown open to the public. For this reason, Mr. Jack's fine pictures of the Chinese Chippendale Room and the Blue Drawing-Room at the Palace are of particular interest. It is well known that the Queen is a connoisseur of beautiful things

in furniture and decoration, and understands the joys of collecting. Though we have no information as to the provenance of any of the objects shown in these pictures, there can be no doubt that her Majesty has had a hand in their arrangement, if not in their acquisition or discovery. Mr. Jack, we may remind our readers, is the artist who painted the fine portrait of the Queen that is reproduced in colour on a full-page in this number.



# THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1927:

No. 2 BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. WILLIAMS AND NORGATE.  
No. 6 BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST. COPYRIGHT RESERVED.

# SOME NOTABLE PORTRAITS.

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1. "THE VISCOUNTESS GORT," BY E. BARNARD LINTOTT.



2. "COLONEL HAY McDOWELL, AFTER SIR HENRY RAE BURN, R.A." MEZZOTINT BY H. MACBETH-RAEBURN, A.R.A.



3. "THE VICOMTESSE HENRI DE JANZÉ," BY THE LATE AMBROSE MCEVOY, A.R.A.



4. "THE VISCOUNTESS GREY OF FALLODON, AND 'TOTA,'" BY FLORA LION.



5. "H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK," A MARBLE BUST BY ARTHUR G. WALKER, A.R.A.



6. "THE VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODON, K.G.," BY HAROLD SPEED.



7. "MRS. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN," BY W. G. DE GLEHN, A.R.A.



8. "THE RT. HON. SIR J. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, K.G., M.P.," BY I. M. COHEN.



9. "THE VISCOUNT ESHER, G.C.B., G.C.V.O.," BY GLYN PHILPOT, R.A.

Portraits of distinguished men and women are always an attractive feature of the Royal Academy, and this year's exhibition provides them in plenty. We reproduce on this page some of the more outstanding examples. Of especial note is the marble bust of the Duchess of York, whose experiences with the Duke at the Antipodes everyone here has been following with so much interest, mingled with concern when she has been suffering from indis-

position or fatigue. By the time this appears she will doubtless be taking part in the great ceremony at Canberra. Another name on many lips nowadays is that of Sir Austen Chamberlain, whose handling of the Chinese problem has evoked general praise. It is appropriate to see the Foreign Secretary on the same page with his predecessor of war days, Viscount Grey, and his sister-in-law, wife of Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Minister of Health.



# THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1927: THE PICTURESQUE TOUCH IN PORTRAITURE.



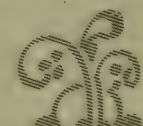
"ANNA," BY DORIS ZINKEISEN



"THE MARQUESS OF WINCHESTER," BY R. GRENVILLE EVES



"PHYLLIS AND RACHAEL, DAUGHTERS OF LT.-COL. H. H. SPENDER-CLAY, C.M.G., M.C., M.P.," BY ALFRED J. MUNNINGS, R.A.



"MRS.  
HENRY MOND,"  
BY  
GLYN PHILPOT,  
R.A.



"MRS. W. RILEY-SMITH ON 'SNOWFLAKE,'" BY ALFRED J. MUNNINGS, R.A.

There is no doubt that a touch of the picturesque, in setting or costume, lends an additional interest to portraits. It is often obtained by representing the sitter in ceremonial robes. Of late years, however, there has been a happy tendency to combine portraiture with landscape, or to show the figure in harmony with some familiar surroundings, either out of doors or as a natural element in an

interior scene. These modern backgrounds for portraits are usually of a more realistic character than those favoured by the Old Masters, with their formal columns and pillars or classical statuary. It is appropriate, for example, that a modern sportswoman should be portrayed, in a setting typical of her pursuits, by a painter such as Mr. Munnings, who has made the world of sport his own.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

It is a good rule in reading to go to the fountain-head for knowledge of a writer and his work. I remember a friend at Cambridge once advising me always to read originals, and avoid books about books. The best plan is to begin with the original, and then read criticisms or appreciations of it; but not appreciations without the original.

There have been numerous studies of Byron; but his undiluted correspondence has not been very accessible in a compact and unabridged form, though many extracts have been included in memoirs. It was like a new revelation to look into "LORD BYRON IN HIS LETTERS," Selections from his Letters and Journals. Edited by V. H. Collins. With Portrait (Murray; 12s.). "During the war," says Mr. Collins, "a request from a friend, then in France, to send him a sound edition of Byron's letters in one volume led eventually to the making of this selection. . . . For anyone who lacked the time or money for Lord Ernie's edition, there existed virtually no collection of the letters, which are among the best—perhaps, with Charles Lamb's, the best—in the language. To fill that gap is the object of the present book."

As I read on, I felt that I had never really known Byron before, had hitherto seen him only through a haze of "impressions" or misrepresentation. In the letters his personality stands revealed; he has painted his own portrait, moral "warts" and all, with absolute sincerity. What strikes me most, amid all the rich humour and racy freedom of his intimate "talk on paper," is his tendency to self-depreciation, and his affection for his children—lawful or otherwise. Another trait brought out in the letters is his sportsmanship. He was prouder of having swum the Hellespont than of "any kind of glory, political, poetical, or rhetorical," and, in disputing a comparison of himself with Rousseau, claimed to be (by contrast) "an excellent swimmer, a decent though not at all a dashing rider . . . sufficient of fence . . . not a bad boxer when I could keep my temper . . . and a very fair cricketer—one of the Harrow Eleven when we played against Eton in 1805."

Some of Byron's judgments on contemporaries read curiously to-day. He did not share Shelley's admiration of Keats. Writing to his publisher (to whom elsewhere he alludes playfully as "that rugged rhinoceros, Murray"), he says: "With regard to poetry in general, I am convinced that . . . all of us—Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Moore, Campbell, I—am . . . upon a wrong revolutionary poetical system, or systems, not worth a damn in itself, and from which none but Rogers and Crabbe are free." Having compared some of Moore's poems and his own with Pope, he feels "mortified at the ineffable distance . . . between the little Queen Anne's man and us of the Lower Empire."

Keats, when someone had compared him to Byron, wrote: "There is this great difference between us: he describes what he sees; I describe what I imagine." This comment is quoted in an interesting volume of essays entitled "INTERPRETERS OF NATURE." By Sir George Newman, K.C.B., M.D., Chief Medical Officer, Ministry of Health (Faber and Gwyer; 12s. 6d.). When I saw the name of Keats figuring in the list of contents among those of Hunter, Pasteur, Osler, and other great pioneers of therapeutics, I murmured to myself: "Que diable faites-vous dans cette galère?" I had not forgotten, of course, that Keats began as a surgeon's apprentice, but thought his subsequent career might be a little out of the picture. However, Sir George takes a wide view of nature and the interpretation thereof, and the sense of incongruity soon disappeared. He, too, recommends original sources. To "the bewildered student of Keats" he says: "Read the letters!"

We have seen from Byron's letter how difficult it is for a contemporary to assess the importance of a group of revolutionary poets, even when he is one of them himself. Such a group in our own day, a family trio recalling the Rossettis among the Pre-Raphaelites, is discussed in "THE THREE SITWELLS." A Biographical and Critical Study. By R. L. Mégroz (Richards; 8s. 6d.). Not having yet drunk deep of the Sitwellian spring, I have had to read the appreciation without very much knowledge of the originals. I know enough, however, of Miss Edith Sitwell's verse at least to be aware of its significance, and I am not of those who gibe at innovations, when they proceed (as the book proves regarding these poets) from a deep-seated sincerity, and not from pose, affectation, or notoriety-hunting. I should judge Miss Sitwell to be the best word-artist of the three, and the strength of her brothers to lie mainly in humorous satire. Apart from certain mannerisms, and a trick of elliptical imagery, her verse does not seem to me to depart so far from poetic tradition as is popularly supposed. In his analysis of her

longest poem, "The Sleeping Beauty" (a piece "midway in her poetic evolution"), Mr. Mégroz says: "Those ephemeral figures dwell in an eternity of the spirit, like the forms which Keats perceived on the Greek vase."

The Sitwells, like Byron, can claim a long and distinguished ancestry. Mr. Mégroz digs deep into their genealogy, and I admit that his preliminary chapters almost slew me with their noble birth. The rest is good, impartial criticism, well supported by extracts, and will certainly have the effect of sending the reader to their sources. At the same time, the book is sufficiently allusive to emphasise the point about reading originals first. Mr. Mégroz ascribes the vagaries of modern verse to mental unrest due to the war. "A spiritual harlequinade," he suggests, "is being played out in modern poetry. . . . Unconsoled misery and unresolved complication is probably responsible for much of the satirical clowning." Both Osbert (who fought at Loos) and Sacheverell Sitwell have had military experiences.

That underlying unhappiness in post-war poetry, which



"H.M. THE KING," BY SIR ARTHUR S. COPE, R.A.: AN ATTRACTIVE PORTRAIT OF HIS MAJESTY EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

This very pleasing and natural portrait of the King, showing him in a less formal aspect than most royal portraits, is not the first one that Sir Arthur Cope has painted of his Majesty. Among the artist's other royal sitters have been the late King Edward and the Prince of Wales. Sir Arthur has contributed regularly to the Academy since 1876. This year he shows also two other portraits and a west country landscape—"High up the Tamar."

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in the Sitwell brothers finds vent chiefly in satire, as in Osbert's hymn parody—

Eternal Moloch, strong to slay,  
is expressed by another poet, writing as one who also served, in lines that flow without straining for effect—  
We who are left, how shall we look again  
Happily on the sun. . . .  
Nor feel the heartbreak in the heart of things?

These lines occur in a section called "Casualties" in "COLLECTED POEMS," 1905-25. By Wilfrid Gibson (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.). The volume contains all the author's work published during the last twenty years that he cares to reprint, and it definitely establishes him, I think, in the front rank of living poets. Personally I prefer his admirable work in descriptive, narrative, or lyrical form to the poetic dramas of Northumberland peasant life, which, to my thinking, would be more appropriately handled in prose, either as plays or as novels such as those of Eden Phillpotts on Dartmoor. It does not seem to me natural for the types of character Mr. Gibson dramatises to talk in blank verse.

Mr. Gibson's tribute to his fallen comrades may be paralleled in an Irish poet who has also garnered afresh the fruits of his inspiration—

Be green upon their graves, O happy Spring!  
For they were young and eager who are dead!

The quotation here is from "COLLECTED POEMS." By James Stephens (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.). This memorial poem, "Spring, 1916," is the longest in the book; the others are all short lyrical pieces, with a wide range of mood and subject, from the trivial to the tragic, but having in common an unfailing musical fluency. In a preface the author says: "The tempo of the whole world has been enormously accelerated. . . . We must evolve a new technique, or we must continue to compose and paint and write in the only form that can deal with an interim situation, or with speed—the lyrical form." I cannot quite agree that the poet's "apparent matter is not of final consequence; it needs not even to be of intrinsic interest. . . . Nor is poetry amenable to criticism in the sense that prose is." He even suggests a doubt whether there be such a thing as bad poetry. This is indeed to give Pegasus his head.

A third poet who has arrived at the "collected" stage is Mr. Edward Shanks, who lately added to his sheaf of song "THE BEGGAR'S RIDE": A Tragedy in Six Scenes (Collins; 5s.), and "COLLECTED POEMS," 1909-25. Arranged in Six Books, With Portrait Frontispiece (Collins; 7s. 6d.). The play will, I think, strengthen his position as a poet of distinction. The other volume includes everything he wishes to retain except "The Queen of China." In an elegy entitled "The Dead Poet" he says of his friend, Rupert Brooke—

Now far in Scyros sleeps that golden head.

Perhaps it was that friendship which partly inspired the long narrative poem that forms his fifth book—"The Island of Youth," on the same subject as the Poet Laureate's "Achilles in Scyros."

At this point in my chronicle arrives a late-comer in this poetical vineyard, "REQUIEM." By Humbert Wolfe (Benn; 6s. Edition de luxe, 10s. 6d.). This little book, too, contains much fine, strong verse, and the author may be counted among those who are worthily handing on the torch of English poetry into a new age. Somewhat akin to the poem of Edward Shanks just quoted is one of Mr. Wolfe's called "The Soldier," a vision of the fallen, questioning among themselves what the world has made of their sacrifice—

Are they young with our youth, gold with our gold, my brother?  
Do they smile in the face of death, because we died?

Unique among war books, probably, is "THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A WOMAN SOLDIER." A Brief Record of Adventure with the Serbian Army, 1916-1919. By Flora Sandes (Captain, Serbian Army). Illustrated from Photographs (Witherby; 10s. 6d.). At least, if it is not unique, that is because the author has already recorded some of her experiences in "An English Woman Sergeant in the Serbian Army," wherein she told of the Serbian Retreat, and life with the ambulance before she joined the infantry. "I also said," she writes, "that some day I hoped to be able to tell the tale of how we marched victoriously back into, and across, Serbia. And here it is." There is certainly an element of strangeness in the fact of a woman roughing it among foreign men through one of the sternest campaigns in the war, being wounded at close quarters by an enemy accustomed (so she says) to kill, and sometimes torture, prisoners, and eventually rising to captain's rank. Even without this quality of the unusual, however, her story would be one of extraordinary interest, and it is told with vivacity and simple directness.

From the corporate killing of war to private slaughter is a step on to a lower plane of essentially different motives. Three books that will appeal strongly to students of crime are "HERBERT ROWSE ARMSTRONG." Edited by Filson Young. Illustrated (Hodge and Co.; 10s. 6d.), a new volume in the well-known series of Notable British Trials; "MURDER FOR PROFIT." By William Bolitho (Cape; 10s. 6d.), a study of professional, or mass-murderers, including Landru and G. J. Smith, the "Brides of the Bath" expert; and "MURDER AT SMUTTY NOSE, AND 13 OTHER MURDERS." By Edmund Pearson. Illustrated (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.). Here again Mr. G. J. Smith figures, along with Neill Cream, Dr. Crippen, Madeleine Smith, and Constance Kent. I am bound to say that these books exercise upon me a certain fascination. A depraved taste? Not at all—merely a psychological interest in the science of criminology!

C. E. B.



## The Royal Academy, 1927: A New Portrait of the Queen.

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"H.M. QUEEN MARY": THE PORTRAIT BY RICHARD JACK, R.A., IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Mr. Richard Jack's portrait of the Queen, which is shown in this year's Royal Academy, is a companion picture to one of the King, by the same artist, which was in the Academy last year. There is a similar conventional background, and her Majesty is seen wearing

a Court gown of a golden material, with the blue ribbon of the Garter. All but one of the sittings took place in Buckingham Palace, where the White Drawing-Room was turned into a temporary studio. For the last the Queen visited Mr. Jack's studio at his house.



## The Royal Academy, 1927: The Vivid Art of Russell Flint.

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"CHATELLETS,"

BY

W. RUSSELL

FLINT, A.R.A.

"FLOWERS  
AND  
LACQUER,"  
BY  
W. RUSSELL  
FLINT, A.R.A.



This year's Academy includes several fine examples of the work of that well-known artist, Mr. W. Russell Flint, A.R.A., who, as our readers are well aware, has a liking on occasion for group subjects of a dramatic character which convey a tense emotional atmosphere. This is particularly true regarding his scenes from Spanish life, of which he has produced a considerable number. Mr. Flint, who

was born at Edinburgh in 1880, has done many drawings for this paper and has been a regular contributor to the Royal Academy for many years. He was elected an A.R.A. in 1924. There are pictures of his in many public galleries in this country, as well as in Italy and Japan. In the Paris Salon of 1913 he was awarded a silver medal. He has also done notable work in book illustration.



# NEW PHOTOGRAPHS OF EVENTS IN CHINA: SCENES AT SHANGHAI, PEKING, AND BIAS BAY.



A JAPANESE RAID ON NATIONALIST GUNMEN WHO HAD TERRORISED THE CHAPEI DISTRICT OF SHANGHAI AFTER ITS CAPTURE BY THE SOUTHERNERS: A GANG ROUNDED UP FROM HOUSES BY A FORCE OF JAPANESE SAILORS ON APRIL 11.



LEAVING THE CHINESE FOREIGN OFFICE, SHANGHAI, AFTER PRESENTING PROTESTS AGAINST THE NANKING OUTRAGE: (L. TO R., IN FRONT) SIR SIDNEY BARTON AND COM. GALANTI (ITALY); (BEHIND) MR. GAUSS (U.S.) AND M. NAGGIAR (FRANCE).



THE BRITISH NAVAL RAID ON CHINESE PIRATES IN BIAS BAY (SEE DOUBLE-PAGE DRAWING): JUNKS AND SAMPANS BURNING.



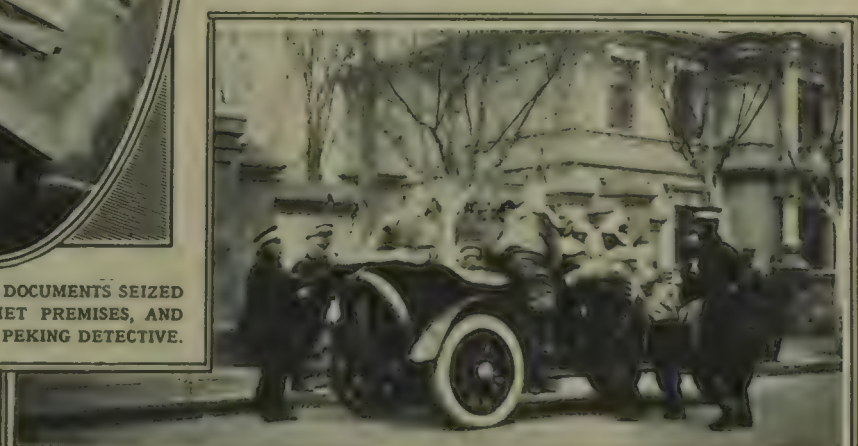
HOLDING POSTERS AND DOCUMENTS SEIZED IN THE RAID ON SOVIET PREMISES, AND A COMMUNIST FLAG: A PEKING DETECTIVE.



AFTER THE RAID ON THE PIRATE STRONGHOLD IN BIAS BAY: BRITISH NAVAL BOATS BEING TOWED BACK TO THEIR SHIPS.



THE CHINESE POLICE RAID ON SOVIET PREMISES IN PEKING: AN INTERESTED CROWD IN LEGATION STREET DURING THE PROCEEDINGS.



THE CHINESE RAID ON SOVIET PREMISES IN PEKING, WHICH WAS FOLLOWED BY EXECUTIONS: FIREMEN AND POLICE ARRIVING IN A CAR.



SAID TO HAVE BEEN PUSHED OFF THE TRAINS AND LEFT TO THEIR FATE WHEN THE NORTHERNERS RETREATED: "WHITE" RUSSIANS WHO HAD BEEN SERVING WITH THE ANKUOCHUN (NORTHERN ARMY) SITTING BESIDE THE LINE.

The above photographs, of course, illustrate events in China some weeks ago, and many things have happened there since. At the moment of writing it is stated that the military situation is extremely confused, that the Northerners are pressing forward in Honan, that a struggle for supremacy is going on at Nanking (where Chiang Kai-shek set up his headquarters in opposition to his former associates, the Communists, at Hankow), and that Nanking continues to be bombarded by Northern troops at Pukow, on the opposite bank of the Yangtze. On May 2 the British Cabinet met to consider the position in China, and, it was understood,



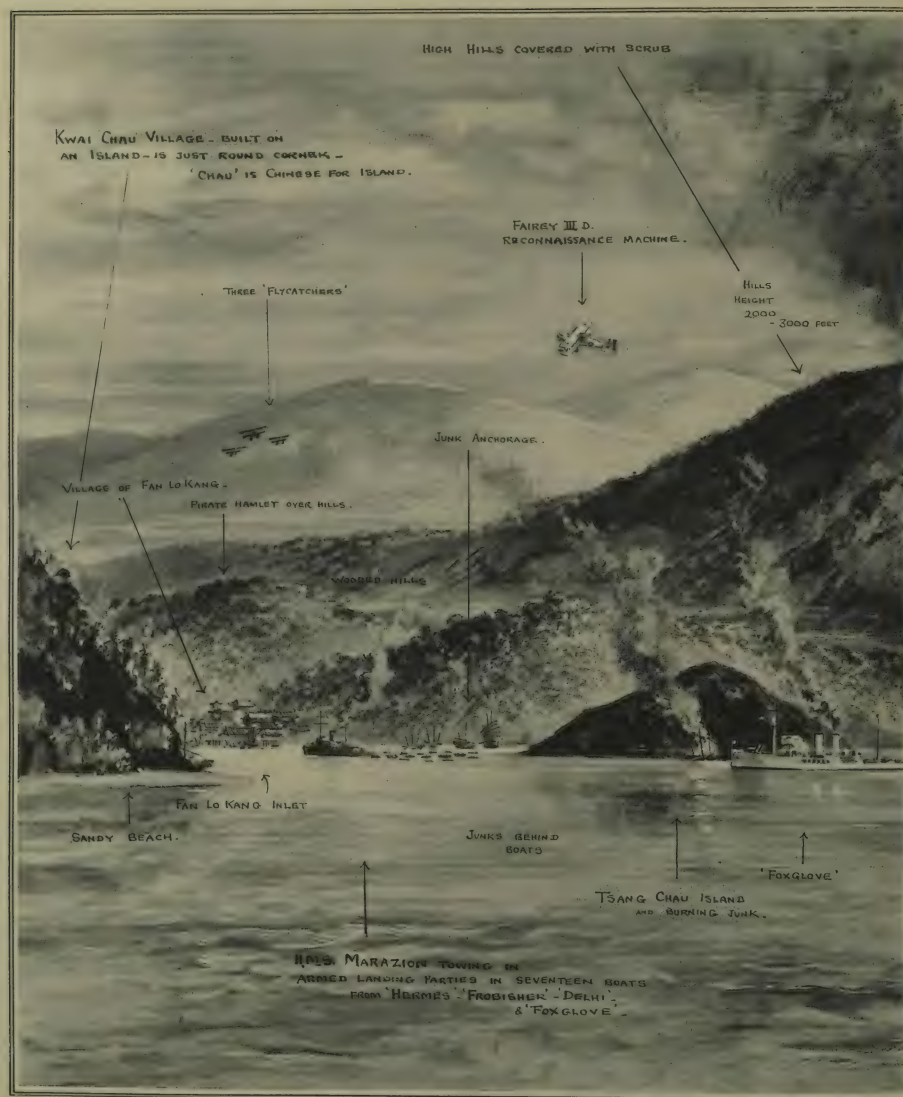
CHINESE NORTHERN SOLDIERS SWARMING ON THE ENGINE OF A TRAIN LEAVING ON THE APPROACH OF THE SOUTHERN FORCES: AN INCIDENT OF THE HASTY RETREAT, SAID TO HAVE BEEN ACCOMPANIED BY LOOTING.

discussed the advisability of sending out a strong air force. The Hankow Communists are said to be making special efforts to conciliate Japan, to detach her from the other Powers. Instructions to this effect from Moscow were found among the documents seized at the Soviet premises in Peking. Twenty Communists arrested by the Chinese authorities in Peking were executed on April 29 by slow strangulation. Fifteen Russian prisoners arrested, as well as Mme. Borodin and her companions, are to be tried in Peking by ordinary legal procedure, and defended by an American lawyer.—Sir Sidney Barton is the British Consul-General at Shanghai.



# REMINISCENT OF A STORY BY W. H. KINGSTON: THE

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



## SMOKING-OUT A NEST OF CHINESE PIRATES: THE BRITISH NAVAL RAID IN BIAS BAY.

The British naval raid on the Chinese pirate stronghold in Bias Bay, some fifty miles east of Hong Kong, has already been noted in our pages, under a photograph of the "Hermes" in our issue of April 23. We now give a drawing of the actual operation, from a sketch made on the spot by an eye-witness. These pirates had long preyed alike on Chinese and foreign shipping, and the "last straw" was the pirating of the "Hopsang" on March 21. The ships engaged, under Admiral W. H. D. Boyle, were the cruisers "Frobisher" and "Delhi," the aircraft-carrier "Hermes," the mine-sweeper "Marazion," and the sloop "Foxglove." The squadron entered the bay undetected, and the heavier ships had to anchor a good way off, owing to depth. "The landing force," says a Reuter account, "was divided into three parties, one to proceed to Kwachau Island, the other two to groups of villages known as Hoichau. The

# EXPEDITION AGAINST A CHINESE PIRATE STRONGHOLD.

FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS. (COPYRIGHTED.)



## THE LAIR FROM WHICH THEY HAD LONG PREYED ON NATIVE AND FOREIGN SHIPPING.

embarkation into cutters and other boats under Flag Captain T. F. P. Calvert, from the "Frobisher," of 300 naval ratings and police began at 2.30 a.m. The boats were towed by the "Marazion" ten miles to the head of the Fanlokang Inlet. They then proceeded under oars or towed by motor-boats to the shore. The landing parties waded from 40 to 400 yards. The object was two-fold: first to destroy, without taking life, the two villages which were the haunts of the pirates, and secondly to destroy the junks. The villagers were given grace to remove their belongings, after which twenty houses and mat sheds were destroyed by fire or explosion. Between fifteen and twenty junks or sampans were also destroyed. At Hoichau, hamlets and twenty junks and smaller craft were destroyed. A naval party at the Fanlokang Inlet burned seven junks. Aeroplanes from the "Hermes" flew overhead, observing, reporting, and covering the parties.



## AUSTRALIA'S NEW "ALL-WHITE" CAPITAL AT CANBERRA:



AUSTRALIA'S NEW COUNTERPART TO NO. 10, DOWNING STREET: THE RESIDENCE OF THE PRIME MINISTER OF THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH IN THE NEW FEDERAL CAPITAL, ONE OF THE OFFICIAL BUILDINGS ALREADY ERECTED AND APPROACHING COMPLETION AT CANBERRA.



WHERE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK HAVE ARRANGED TO OPEN THE AUSTRALIAN FEDERAL PARLIAMENT: THE NEW PARLIAMENT HOUSE AT CANBERRA, A TEMPORARY BUILDING DESIGNED TO LAST FIFTY YEARS—(LEFT) THE POST OFFICE AND TELEPHONE EXCHANGE.

## THE SCENE OF THE ROYAL OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.



WHERE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK ARRANGED TO STAY DURING THEIR VISIT TO CANBERRA: YARRALUMLE, THE TEMPORARY RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF AUSTRALIA (LORD STONEHAVEN), A SHEEP-FARMING ESTATE SOME THREE MILES FROM THE CITY.



THE PRESENT FEDERAL GOVERNMENT HOUSE NEAR CANBERRA, OCCUPIED BY LORD STONEHAVEN, AS GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF AUSTRALIA: THE PRIVATE ENTRANCE OF THE MANSION WHERE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK ARRANGED TO STAY FOR THE INAUGURATION OF THE NEW AUSTRALIAN CAPITAL.



A MOONLIGHT EFFECT ON THE TERRACE OF THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AT CANBERRA: AUSTRALIA'S COUNTERPART TO THE TERRACE AT WESTMINSTER—A PICTURESQUE SIDE VIEW ALONG THE FAÇADE OF THE BUILDING IN WHICH THE DUKE OF YORK IS TO OPEN THE AUSTRALIAN PARLIAMENT.

The new home of the Australian Federal Parliament at Canberra is to be officially opened by the Duke of York on May 9. At Melbourne, on April 26, when he was the guest of the Commonwealth Government at a dinner in the old Parliament House (illustrated on page 829), the Duke presented to the Speaker of the House of Representatives, on behalf of the King, two copies of the dispatch boxes in use in the House of Commons, to be used at Canberra as "a personal mark of his Majesty's deep interest in the establishment of Parliament in the new capital at Canberra, and an expression of his best wishes for the future." On behalf of himself and the Duchess, the Duke also presented a cigar-box of tortoiseshell and silver for use in the new Parliament House. A recent announcement of plans for the royal visit to Canberra stated that the Duke and Duchess would arrive by special train on Sunday, May 8, and remain three days. The opening of Parliament, at noon on the 9th, would be followed by a review, a march-past of naval, military, and air forces, and an investiture. There would be no evening function. Tentative arrangements for the 10th included a drive through the city, planting of commemorative trees by

the Duke and Duchess, a luncheon at Duntroon Military College (illustrated on page 830), and afternoon tea with the Federal Executive of the Returned Soldiers League. An interesting account of the making of Canberra is given in an article by A. R. V. Barker in the May number of the "World To-day." He mentioned that Canberra is to be "an all-white city." In the international competition for its design the first prize was awarded to W. B. Griffin, of Chicago, whose plan was approved. Another competition for a monumental Parliament House was withdrawn owing to the war. "The scheme for the construction of provisional buildings has led to the abandonment of the proposal for the permanent Parliament House, probably for fifty years. A suitable Parliament House designed by the Commonwealth Works Department on simple and economical lines has been built." The same policy has been adopted with the administrative buildings, and temporary structures have been put up, pending the completion of those designed by Mr. G. Sydney Jones, of Sydney, who was awarded the first prize in the architectural competition. It is proposed to erect a similar building for the National Library.



## THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK :



A LITTLE PICTURE SAID TO HAVE FETCHED £25,000: "A CARTHUSIAN MONK AS SAINT," BY PETRUS CHRISTUS (DATED 1446), BOUGHT BY THE NEW YORK GALLERY.



A BRITISH WOMAN ARTIST'S WORK BOUGHT BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT: "SPRINGTIME IN LONDON," BY MISS E. BEATRICE BLAND, WHICH (IT IS SAID) IS TO BE HUNG IN THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERY IN PARIS.



THE HEIRESS TO THE DUTCH THRONE CELEBRATES HER COMING-OF-AGE: PRINCESS JULIANA DRIVING AT THE HAGUE WITH HER MOTHER AND FATHER, QUEEN WILHELMINA AND THE PRINCE CONSORT.

## SOME NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



ANOTHER BRITISH ARTIST'S WORK BOUGHT FOR FRANCE: "THE WATCHERS," BY ERNEST PROCTER, WHOSE WIFE'S PICTURE, "MORNING," IS TO BE A BRITISH NATIONAL POSSESSION.



IZAACK WALTON'S COTTAGE BEFORE ITS RECENT DESTRUCTION BY FIRE: THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY BUILDING ON THE FARM WHERE THE AUTHOR OF "THE COMPLETE ANGLER" SPENT HIS LATER YEARS AT SHALLOWFORD, IN STAFFORDSHIRE.



THE GIANT 45-FT. TELESCOPIC CAMERA FOR PHOTOGRAPHING THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN ON JUNE 29, THE LONGEST EVER USED IN BRITAIN FOR SUCH A PURPOSE: THE ASSISTANT ASTRONOMER ROYAL, MR. C. DAVIDSON, STUDYING THE REFLECTION ON THE FOCUSING GLASS, FROM THE COELOSTAT.



TESTING A RUBBER LIFEBOAT FOR A TRANS-ATLANTIC FLIGHT: COM. BYRD (ROWING), WITH HIS FLYING COMPANIONS, AT NEW YORK.



THE MINISTER OF HEALTH OPENING NEW BRINE BATHS AT DROITWICH FOR RHEUMATISM AND ARTHRITIS: MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN (EXTREME, LEFT).



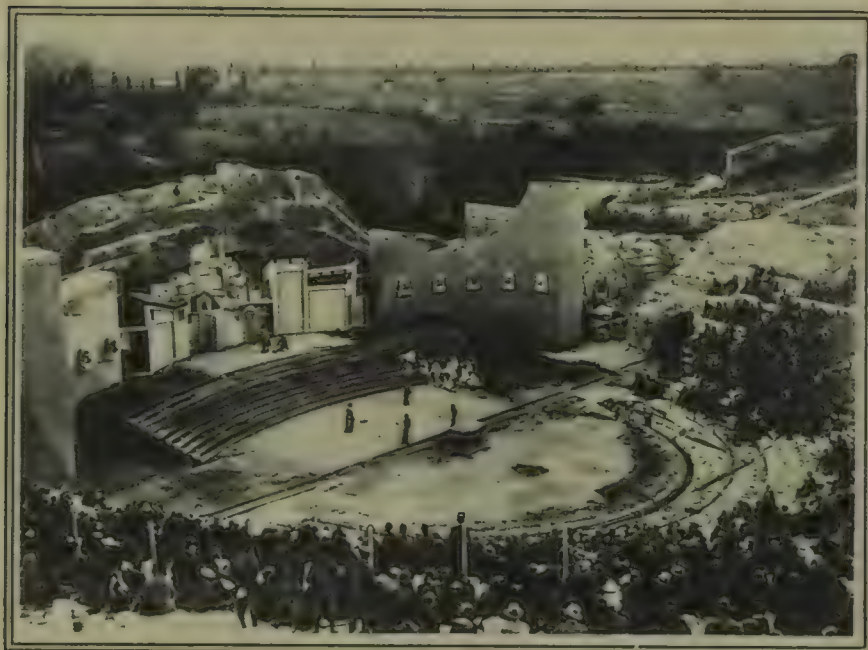
THE FAMOUS BILLIARD PROFESSIONAL WHO MADE A "RECORD" BREAK OF 3964 BY HIS NEW "PENDULUM" CANNONS: REECE IN PLAY.

The New York Gallery is said to have paid £25,000 for the fifteenth-century portrait of a "Carthusian Monk as Saint," by Petrus Christus, which was in the recent Flemish Exhibition at the Royal Academy.—Since the French President visited Sir Joseph Duveen's Exhibition of Contemporary British Art in Paris, two paintings there (reproduced above) have been bought for the French nation.—Izaak Walton's cottage at Shallowford, Staffordshire, was burnt down on May 1, but the contents were saved. It had been restored

and opened as a museum in 1924. The cottage forms part of a farm that he bequeathed to the poor of Stafford.—The giant telescopic camera for photographing the solar eclipse will be set up at Giggleswick. A slight correction was recently made in the calculation of the line of totality.—Commander Richard Byrd is the well-known American airman who last year flew to the North Pole.—Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Minister of Health, opened extensions to the Droitwich Brine Baths on April 29.



## THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE PRESENTATION OF CLASSIC PLAYS IN THE TWENTY-FOUR-CENTURIES-OLD THEATRE AT SYRACUSE: A SCENE FROM THE PRODUCTION OF "THE CLOUDS" OF ARISTOPHANES.



STUDYING BIRD-LIFE WHILE IN FLIGHT IN AN AEROPLANE: THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD, WHO IS SEEKING "CLOSE-UP" PHOTOGRAPHS OF EAGLES IN FLIGHT.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCE GEORGE VISITING SPAIN: THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES WALKING PAST SHERRY CASKS AT JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA, THE CITY WHICH GIVES SHERRY ITS NAME.



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN SPAIN: H.R.H. (WITH THE QUEEN OF SPAIN AND KING ALFONSO) ABOUT TO SIGN THE DOCUMENT INAUGURATING A NEW AIR SERVICE BETWEEN SEVILLE, MADRID, AND LISBON.



THE INAUGURATION OF THE CANAL TUNNEL WHICH ENABLES BOATS TO GO UNDERGROUND BETWEEN MARSEILLES AND THE INLAND LAKE, THE ETANG DE BERRE: THE PRESIDENTIAL LAUNCH ABOUT TO ENTER THE ROVE TUNNEL.



THE ROVE TUNNEL, WHICH CONNECTS MARSEILLES WITH THE ETANG DE BERRE AND THE RHONE CANAL SYSTEM: THE PORT DE LA LAVE SEEN FROM THE TUNNEL ON THE OCCASION OF THE INAUGURATION BY PRESIDENT DOUMERGUE.

The season of classical drama in the old open-air Greek Theatre at Syracuse began on April 20, to continue until May 8. The plays chosen were the "Medea" and "Cyclops" of Euripides; "The Clouds" of Aristophanes, and a satire by Sophocles (the "Hunting Satyrs") reconstructed by Professor Romagnoli from fragments recently discovered in Egyptian papyri.—The Duchess of Bedford, who is a well-known bird-lover and has a private "Zoo" at Woburn Abbey, is engaged on a flying expedition, chiefly to study bird life in the air and, if possible, obtain photographs of eagles in flight. On one occasion, Captain C. D. Barnard, the pilot of the De Havilland Moth aeroplane in which she is touring,

manœuvred his machine near twenty golden eagles which rose from the mountains north of Burgos.—During his visit to Spain the Prince of Wales has attended several public functions, but, of course, as a spectator rather than as chief participant. One of these was an Air Festival at the Aerodrome of Tablada, Seville.—As noted in our issue of November 27, 1926, when we gave photographs of the interior, the new canal tunnel under the Rove hills is nearly five miles long in a straight line, and 70 ft. broad, with a navigable width of 50 ft. It has cost about £12,500,000. Two 1500-ton barges can pass at any point; and six railway trains could run abreast through it. President Doumergue opened it on April 25.



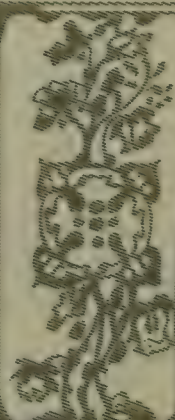
# THE DUKE AND DUCHESS REACH AUSTRALIA: SYDNEY'S GREAT WELCOME.



THE LANDING OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK IN AUSTRALIA: THE ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL BARGE BRINGING THEM ASHORE FROM THE "RENOWN," AT THE LANDING-STAGE IN SYDNEY HARBOUR, AMID A STORM OF "COCKADOODLEDOOS" BLOWN FROM COUNTLESS WHISTLES IN THE SWARM OF CRAFT ON THE WATER.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS PASSING A GUARD OF HONOUR OF MEMBERS OF THE SURF CLUB IN BATHING COSTUMES: A PICTURESQUE INCIDENT OF THEIR VISIT TO THE MILITARY HOSPITAL AT RANDWICK.



THE SMILE THAT CAPTURED ALL HEARTS IN SYDNEY AT FIRST SIGHT: THE DUCHESS OF YORK ON HER ARRIVAL IN AUSTRALIA FOR THE FIRST TIME.



A LIVING "WELCOME" AND A "WHITE ROSE OF YORK" TO GREET THE DUKE AND DUCHESS: THE WONDERFUL DISPLAY BY TWELVE THOUSAND CHILDREN ON THE CRICKET GROUND AT SYDNEY, WHERE THE LIVING "ROSE" BECAME AGITATED WITH ENTHUSIASM AS THE SCORING-BOARD ANNOUNCED A WEEK'S HOLIDAY OBTAINED FOR "IT" BY THE DUCHESS, WHO LATER WALKED THROUGH THE "ROSE."

The Duke and Duchess of York arrived at Sydney, in the "Renown," on March 26, and came ashore in the royal barge amid a storm of "Cockadoodledos" from every kind of whistle, Sydney's typical note of welcome. At the landing-stage they were met by Lord Stonehaven (the Governor-General), Mr. Bruce (the Prime Minister), and other dignitaries. In reply to the Lord Mayor's address the Duke said: "Anyone must feel moved on reaching Australia for the first time. How much more must it affect us when our arrival is marked by such a welcome from your citizens, your Navy, and those who came to meet us in your beautiful harbour." The next day (Sunday) the royal visitors attended service in St. Andrew's Cathedral, and visited the Military Hospital at Randwick, where a guard of honour

was mounted outside by members of the Surf Club dressed in bathing costumes. On the 29th, at the Town Hall, amid tremendous cheering, the Duke pinned the Albert Medal on the breast of Stanley Gibbs, the hero of a gallant rescue from sharks early this year. The same day the Duke and Duchess attended a demonstration by 12,000 children on Sydney Cricket Ground, which was packed with 40,000 spectators. The children formed the word "welcome" in living letters, and in the centre of the ground a huge white rose of York. The pattern broke somewhat when it was announced on the scoring board that the Duchess had obtained for them an extra week's Easter holiday, and still more when she walked through the rose.



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with "Three Threes"*

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pure Virginia leaf*

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**20** for **1/-**  
PLAIN OR CORK

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## *A Voyage of Discovery!*

What is Life itself but a voyage of discovery? From our earliest moments as a wide-eyed infant, craving to taste everything which appeals to our instinctive love of the beautiful, we are learning to "savour" only the very best. So it is when we graduate to the first pipe and enter upon that quest for the perfect tobacco which is the El Dorado of every true pipe-lover. Another

voyage of inquiry is begun, and joyously, recklessly, we adventure among innumerable brands of tobacco.

And when the variety of this pleasure begins to pall, we remember our fathers' wisdom, and turn to Craven Mixture—gladly, restfully—to find that its cool aroma, its perfect blending of matured tobaccos make us feel that we have reached our Haven at last.

# craven

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*Have you tried Double Broad Cut?*

It realises the smoker's ideal—perfect combustion.



# At the Sign of St. Paul's

By JOHN OWEN.

Canberra—  
a Territorial  
Paradox.

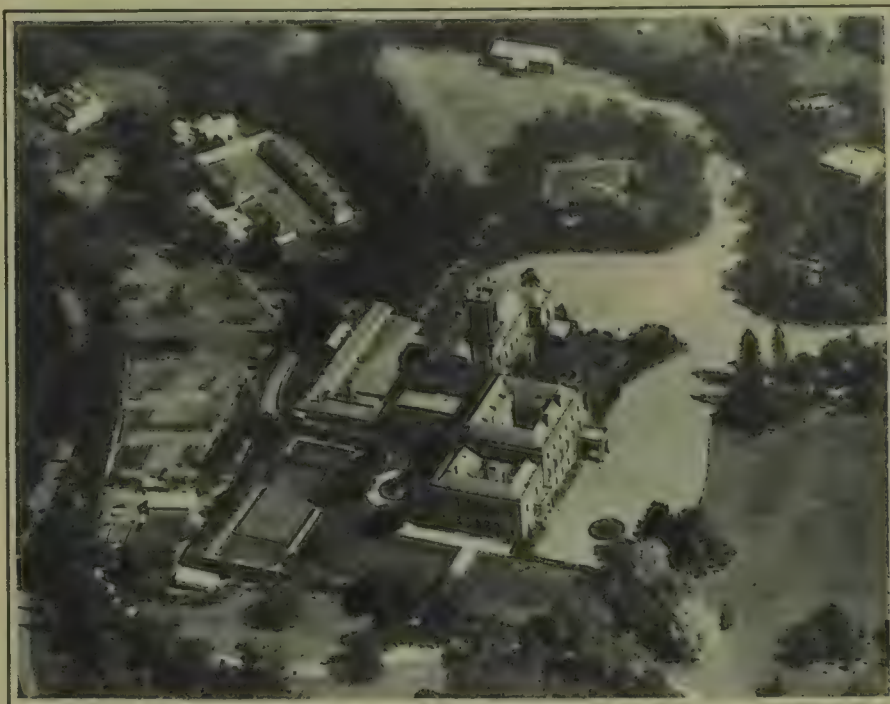
Some years ago China, which has a habit of providing us from time to time with pleasing diversions, gave London a thrill by claiming to do very much what she liked with her own when once she had got her own inside her own Legation. It was then that many people discovered for the first time that the home of a State in an alien city is territory not of that city, but of the home country. The French Embassy in London is not in London, but in France. Another form of this apparent illusion in which the spiritual conquers physical facts is now provided in Australia, where, in the midst of the State of New South Wales, is Commonwealth territory. It is in the midst of this territory that the Duke of York is busy opening the Commonwealth Parliament. Quite definitely, this is Commonwealth and not N.S.W. There is no good in New South Welshmen standing up and singing "Land of My Fathers" here. Gentlemen with Victorian ideas would soon put their heads over the wall with the reminder that Canberra is Commonwealth: it may be King and Queen's land, but is not the property of any one State. As a comment on the futility of legislation, we may note that in 1843 an Act was passed providing that "no territory to the south of the 26th degree of latitude shall be detached from New South Wales."

The Commonwealth territory is, of course, a carefully selected area, and for the first time we shall see a city built without a slum. Every amenity is included, though why the authorities did not go a little beyond their enclosure and rope in a twenty-five mile lake is not clear. Lake George, named after George III., then in his last melancholy years, was discovered in 1817.

Englishmen who happened to be prominent in the early part of last century had this good fortune, that there was always a chance that they might find themselves immortalised on a map. Explorers were always setting out, either from England or from some colonial base, and diving into the unknown with a string of names in their heads should they trace a river to its source or take the altitude of a hill. An easy means was provided the explorer of making return to those generous and imaginative men who had found the money for the adventure, or a statesman, could be conciliated or a Sovereign pleased. If we look through a list of discoveries of territory in New South Wales, we find such names as Macquarie River, Wellington Valley, Mount Harris, Mount Exmouth, Arbutnot's Range, Liverpool Plains. The Plains were, of course, called after the peer and not the city of that name. In nearly every case where a place-name appears, it is the territorial designation of an English more or less noble man which is intended to be complimented. The Peel River, Melbourne itself (to go outside the State), the Forbes, the Ellenborough, are examples of honour by place-names. Only very occasionally was concession made to the claims of simple local names, and then we have exciting results, such as Murrumbidgee, discovered by that courageous explorer Oxley, who must have paid more compliments by map contrivance than any man of his time, and whose spirit is probably even now wandering over some delectable mountain, while it wistfully wonders whether it might yet be permitted to name the prominence Elizabeth of York in compliment to a descendant of others whom he nobly flattered in his lifetime.

The Yorkshire Boy Who  
Ran Away to Sea.

If few deserving English statesmen of a century ago could have been refused an alms in this form of enduring and physically demonstrated celebrity, there must have been many whose only claim on the memory of their countrymen is that their names live on by means of an Australian river or mountain top. And if we remember Thomas Townshend, Viscount Sydney, we do so because a small village, afterwards a great city, was given the name he bore.



NOW SUPERSEDED BY TEMPORARY QUARTERS NEAR CANBERRA: THE OLD FEDERAL GOVERNMENT HOUSE AT MELBOURNE, HITHERTO THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF AUSTRALIA, SEEN FROM THE AIR.

At present the Governor-General is housed at Yarralumle (illustrated on page 830), a sheep-station three miles from Canberra, pending the completion of a new Government House there.



HITHERTO THE MEETING-PLACE OF THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH GOVERNMENT, SOON TO BE TRANSFERRED TO CANBERRA: THE OLD FEDERAL PARLIAMENT HOUSE AT MELBOURNE, THE CITY NAMED AFTER A BRITISH PREMIER—AN AIR VIEW. When the Commonwealth Government and the Governor-General are finally established at Canberra, the buildings hitherto occupied by them at Melbourne will revert to the State Government of Victoria, from whom they were leased by the Commonwealth. After the opening of the new Parliament House at Canberra on May 7, the Commonwealth Parliament will return to Melbourne for the rest of the present Session.

Photographs by Royal Australian Air Force.

The acquisition of the Southern continent, however, is quite rightly credited to the Yorkshire sailor boy who ran away to sea—whether because he had stolen a shilling from his master, or because he was



The Bishop of Exeter was attacked by the mob and dragged from the north door of St. Paul's to Cheapside, where he was proclaimed a traitor and beheaded. 1327.

moved by the instinct of the English lad living in sight of the waves, does not in the least matter. What is true is that Cook gave us Australia. After he disappeared from Whitby it was said that he had been caught by the press-gang, whereas he volunteered for the Navy. Later, to its astonishment, Whitby learnt that he had command of a King's ship.

On April 19, 1770—the year of the birth of Wordsworth, poet of wild flowers, if of so much else—at six o'clock in the morning, sailing westward from New Zealand, Cook came to the coast of New Holland. On the 28th he made his first landing in a noble bay, on the shores of which he found a great number of plants. He did not know that the title with which the discovery of those flowers prompted him to endow this coast was to acquire a very different suggestiveness from that which would ordinarily attach to a "Botany Bay." The terms in which he put this continent of his discovery under his country's flag still have a strange power to move the hearts of fellow-countrymen of this noble seaman—

As I am now about to quit the eastern coast of New Holland, which I have coasted from lat. 38 to this place, and which I am confident no European has ever seen before, I once more hoist English colours; and, though I have already taken possession of several parts, I now take possession of the whole eastern coast, by the name of New South Wales (from the great similarity to that part of the Principality of Wales) in right of my Sovereign, George the Third, King of Great Britain."

The Shade of  
Cook at  
Canberra.

Even in new cities where there are no slums, and in new buildings where there is little darkness, there are places for shadows; and perhaps in some remote gallery in that Parliament House but now opened, the flitting shade of a tall, sailor-like figure pauses for a moment to cast one glance on the splendid and living scene below, and ere it passes by, to repeat words written so long ago: "... I now take possession ... in right of my sovereign ... King."

"An Opposite  
Earth" and  
Ancient Maps.

What did Europe know of the Southern continent in former times? More than is often supposed by people who have not looked at the old maps. The idea of this land was one to appeal to most minds of true and wide range. Whether they spoke of "an opposite earth," or dreamed of an inhabited country "beyond the beyond"—to use that phrase of a despairing imagination—they would not reject a wonderful possibility. Mr. A. F. Calvert has given a list of maps of the world which seem to him to "represent this theory." His list includes a map in a manuscript by Macrobius of the tenth century; a map of the world in a manuscript of the eighth century in the Turin Library; a map by Cecco d'Ascoli of the thirteenth century; a map in MS. 7791 in the Imperial Library, Paris; a map in an Icelandic manuscript of the thirteenth century; a map in the manuscript of Marco Polo of the fourteenth century; and a map on the reverse of a medal in the cabinet of Crignon de Montigny of the fifteenth century.



## WHERE "THE DUKE" WILL OPEN PARLIAMENT: CANBERRA, THE NEW CAPITAL OF AUSTRALIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS 3 TO 6 BY THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCE.



1. DUNTROON MILITARY COLLEGE, CANBERRA: A TRAINING SCHOOL WHERE, IT IS REPORTED, THE DUKE AND DUCHESS WILL LUNCH THE DAY AFTER THE PARLIAMENT CEREMONY.



3. THE HOTEL CANBERRA FROM THE AIR: ONE OF FIVE MODERN HOSTELRIES AVAILABLE FOR THE GREAT GATHERING, WHEN MOST VISITORS WILL CAMP OUT IN AUSTRALIA'S RECORD "PICNIC."



5. WHERE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK ARRANGED TO STAY FOR THE CANBERRA CEREMONY: AN AIR VIEW OF YARRALUMLE, THE TEMPORARY RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF AUSTRALIA.



2. "CANBERRA—FACING SOUTH": AN AIR VIEW SHOWING PART OF THE SITE LAID OUT AS A CIVIC CENTRE IN THE FORM OF A HEXAGON, WITH TREE PLANTATIONS AND RADIATING AVENUES.



4. THE SECRETARIAL OFFICES OF THE COMMONWEALTH GOVERNMENT: ONE OF THE NEW ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDINGS SO FAR COMPLETED AT CANBERRA—PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR.



6. THE NEW RESIDENCE BUILT FOR THE PRIME MINISTER OF THE COMMONWEALTH GOVERNMENT AT CANBERRA: AN AIR VIEW OF THE HOUSE IN ITS PICTURESQUE SURROUNDINGS BEFORE THE LAYING-OUT OF THE GROUNDS.

The Duke of York, accompanied by the Duchess, is to open the Commonwealth Parliament of Australia, in the new capital at Canberra, on Monday, May 9, twenty-six years to the day after his father, the King, opened the first Federal Parliament at Melbourne. "The opening ceremony," writes Mr. Guy Innes, "will be staged in the midst of the largest picnic that Australia has seen. . . . In a hundred years Canberra should equal Washington architecturally; but its natural surroundings are more beautiful, although it has no river as wide as the Potomac. . . . The Governor-General (Lord Stonehaven) will reside at the old homestead of Yarralumle, once the property of the Campbell family." Several of our photographs were taken from aeroplanes of the Royal Australian Air Force, which grew out of the Australian Flying Corps founded in 1912. In 1915, it may be recalled, Australia was able to offer a squadron for war service.



## THE SOURCE OF CANBERRA'S WATER SUPPLY: THE GREAT COTTER DAM.



WITH A CAPACITY OF 380 MILLION GALLONS: THE HUGE DAM BUILT ON THE COTTER RIVER, NEAR ITS JUNCTION WITH THE MURRUMBIDGEE, TO SUPPLY CANBERRA WITH WATER.

One of the first undertakings at Canberra, in connection with the preparation of the site for the new Federal capital of Australia, was the provision of a sufficient water supply. For this purpose an enormous dam was constructed in the Cotter River, near its junction with the Murrumbidgee, some thirteen miles from the city. The Cotter Dam impounds the discharge from a catchment area of 170 square miles in mountainous country. It has a capacity of

380,000,000 gallons, and will be able to provide water for a population of 70,000 at the rate of 100 gallons per head per day during the most critical period of the river's flow. The whole area of the city has also been sewered and supplied with an installation of electricity. So far, it is said, some £7,000,000 has been spent on the laying-out of Canberra, and the annual expenditure for some time to come is estimated at £2,000,000.



## THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

## The Silent Princess.

land at Welbeck Abbey, so conveniently near to



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM OF A NOTABLE WEDDING OF LAST WEEK: MR. AND LADY DIANA GIBB.

The Earl and Countess of Lovelace's youngest daughter, Lady Diana King, was married last week at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Mr. Alistair Gibb, eldest son of Sir Alexander and Lady Gibb.

ham would realise, as many other towns have done, that the Princess has inherited her parents' tireless energy, as well as their desire to give all possible help and encouragement to good social work.

The last week revealed a general surprise that Princess Mary had reached the age of thirty. Perhaps

Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles spent a long week-end with the Duke and Duchess of Portland at Welbeck Abbey, so conveniently near to Nottingham, where she had a heavy list of engagements last Saturday. She visited the home for paralysed soldiers and sailors at Ellerslie House, in which the Duchess of Portland is greatly interested, and then, before lunching with the Mayor at the Guildhall, she opened the Co-operative Society's new bakery. Her chief duty was to open the new out-patients' department at the Nottingham Hospital and the extension of the Children's Hospital. After that strenuous day Nottingham

it is because she seemed so girlish at the time of her marriage, and the memory of that day is so



THE FIRST WOMAN A.R.A. SINCE ANGELICA KAUFMANN: MRS. SWYNNERTON.

gives me much pleasure to be with you to-day." The public knows very little of what is going on in that active brain, and it was therefore pleased to hear what she said about the judging at the Spring Rose Show. Quite evidently the Princess meant her criticisms to be private, for she would not hurt anyone's feelings. But the public likes good, sound criticism, and whenever the Princess feels inclined to express her opinion about flowers, hospitals, or children, subjects on which she has expert knowledge, it will be

fresh, that people feel as if time had stolen a march on them. It is also due partly to the fact that she goes about her work quietly and silently. One can recall no record of any speech she has made in public. At first, after their marriage, Lord Lascelles, on several occasions, acted as her spokesman; but the Princess at ceremonies usually contents herself with smiling her approval—and she has the prettiest smile imaginable—or with saying briefly, "It



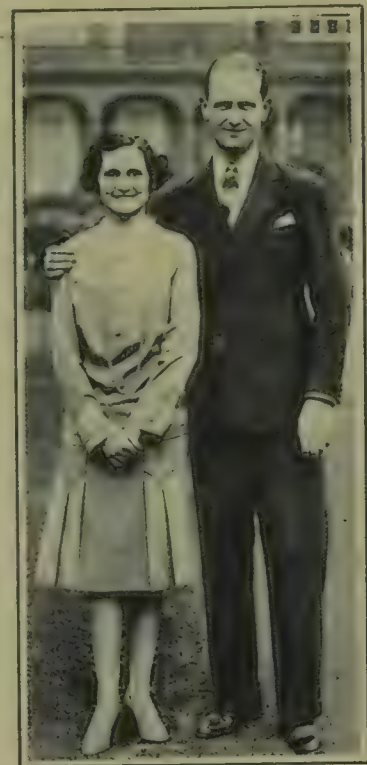
AN EXHIBITOR OF THREE PORTRAITS IN THE R.A.: MRS. FLORA LION.

delighted to hear what she has to say. She need not, indeed, confine herself to those subjects.

## Women Artists at the R.A.

and a youngish woman at that, with her career before her. Mrs. Dod Proctor, in her picture of a sleeping dairymaid, has produced in her fine modelling an effect about as near to that of statuary as is possible in painting. People are welcoming her success as an indication that much may be expected from women painters. "Here, at last," they say, "is the really first-class thing done by a woman." The veteran artist Mrs. Swynnerton, the first woman A.R.A. elected since Angelica Kauffman, exhibits five pictures, all fairly small. The most important, a picture of Carrara, is extraordinary for its precision of touch. Her sketch of a child is done with remarkable freedom and style, and she has a very fine portrait of a lady at a piano.

Miss Ethel Walker has three portraits, painted with her usual distinction and harmonious colouring. The best of them, [Continued overleaf,



AN ENGAGED COUPLE: MISS VERONICA CONNOLLY AND THE HON. JOHN BETHELL.

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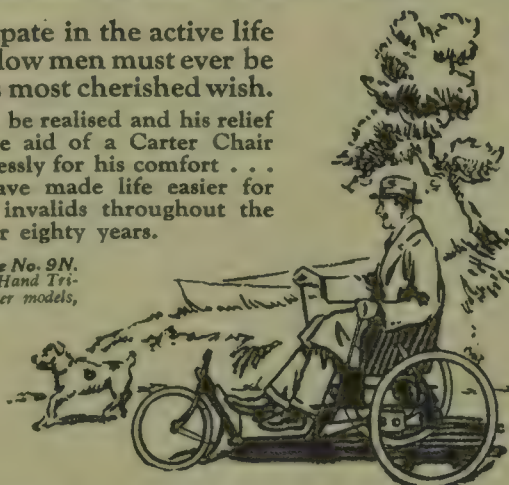
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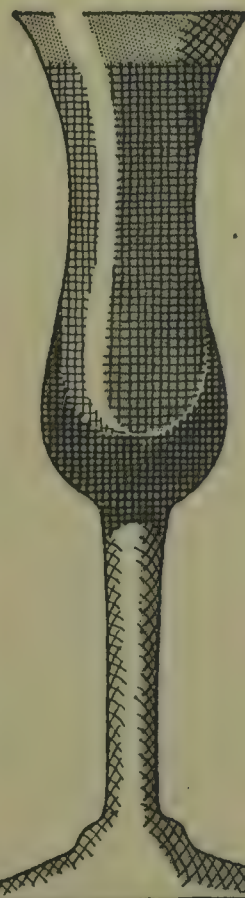
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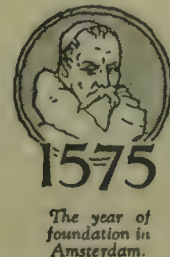
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*(Continued.)* perhaps, is the portrait of Miss Josephine Sykes, a young girl with the long hair that Miss Walker so much admires. Miss Anna Airey has chosen a popular subject for her large canvas, the hawkers enjoying their noonday rest outside the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, their gaily coloured wares contrasting with the grey tints of Trafalgar Square. Miss Airey had a distracting time when painting this picture from the church porch, for she was constantly interrupted by women sight-seers asking her anxiously at what hour the wedding was to be. Knowing nothing about any wedding, Miss Airey would reply, "At half-past two," and go on with her work.



A YOUNG AUTHOR, WHOSE FIRST NOVEL, "THE FLAMING FLOWER," IS ABOUT TO BE PUBLISHED BY JARROLD: MISS ESTRITH MANSFIELD. Miss Estrith Mansfield began her literary career at an early age, for at fourteen she took up the study of architecture, and the following year published a series of articles on Berkshire and Oxfordshire churches in the local papers.

People were wondering whether Mrs. Laura Knight would send one of the negro studies that have interested her so much in America; but she has remained true to her admiration for the muscular development of a woman ballet dancer. The girl in the picture wears nothing but pink tights to the waist, and this makes the flesh tints look slightly yellow by contrast. Mrs. Flora Lion exhibits three portraits, the most interesting that of Lady Grey of Fallodon, one of the Victorian "Three Graces" in the famous Sargent picture that has now gone to

America. Professor Adshead's young daughter, who is, perhaps, one of the youngest exhibitors in the Academy, has a very good decorative picture, "The Picnic." This would be a delightful thing to have in a room, with its light scheme of many colours all very gay.

#### An Anglo-Australian Engagement.

Hon. John Bethell, for she is the daughter of the Hon. Sir James and Lady Connolly, both of whom are Australians. As Minister in more than one Western Australian Government, Sir James did good humanitarian work, interesting himself especially in public health, in the welfare of destitute children, and in developing immigration on sound lines. For some years he was Agent-General in London for Western Australia, and he

Australians were greatly interested to hear of the engagement of Miss Veronica Connolly to the Hon. John Bethell, for she is the daughter of the Hon. Sir James and Lady Connolly, both of whom are Australians. As Minister in more than one Western Australian Government, Sir James did good humanitarian work, interesting himself especially in public health, in the welfare of destitute children, and in developing immigration on sound lines. For some years he was Agent-General in London for Western Australia, and he



SETTLING DOWN IN ENGLAND ONCE MORE: LADY LYTTON.

still makes his home in London. Mr. John Bethell is the elder son of Lord and Lady Bethell, of Bushey House, in Hertfordshire.

#### A Hertfordshire Hostess.

Hertfordshire people are hoping that Lord and Lady Lytton will settle down at Knebworth House once more, now that they have returned from their long years in India. In the days before the war, Lady Lytton's entertaining at Knebworth was famous, for she possesses all the qualities that go to make a perfect hostess. For the last ten years or so, however, the house has been let practically all the time. Sir Thomas Beecham's brother was one tenant—and when in England, Lady Lytton had been living in a small house in Westminster, where it was impossible to entertain on any large scale. Knebworth, with its wonderful Tudor banqueting hall, where Queen Elizabeth is supposed to have dined, its long picture galleries, and terraced garden, is ideal for any sort of party-giving.

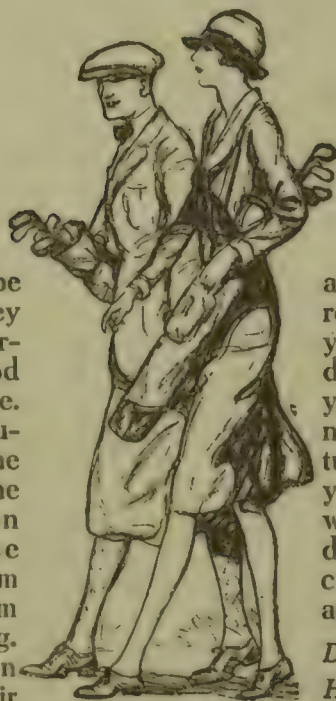
Lord and Lady Lytton have been married for twenty-five years—they celebrated their silver wedding on the voyage home—but people still have a vivid recollection of her as Pamela Plowden, one of the most brilliant and interesting girls of her day. Like the rest of her family, she is an excellent skater. It is said that the Lytton children learned to skate

almost before they could walk, and long before he was in his 'teens the eldest son, Lord Knebworth, used to astonish people in Switzerland by his daring in all kinds of winter sports. The three other children, Lady Hermione—for whom Lady Lytton will be entertaining this season—and the younger girl and boy, are equally at home on skates or skis. Embroidery is another of Lady Lytton's hobbies. She does wonderful pieces of work in imitation of old English needlework. Usually when she is talking to anyone—and she is a brilliant conversationalist—she stitches away at some piece of beautiful embroidery.



ONE OF THE YOUNGEST EXHIBITORS AT THE R.A.: MISS MARY ADSHEAD.

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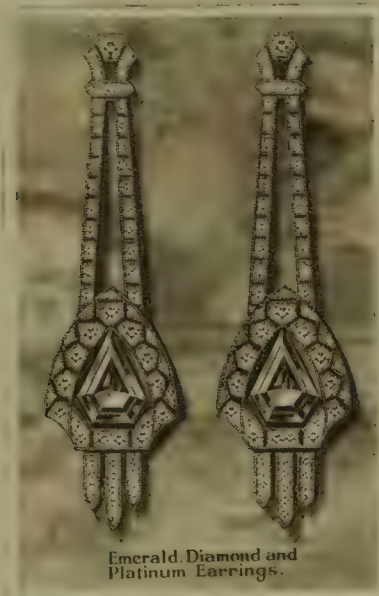




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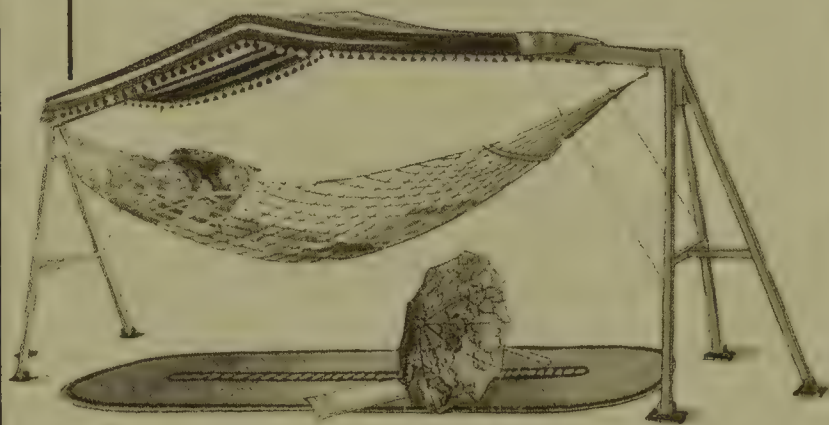
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## THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.

BY MICHAEL ORME.

## "METROPOLIS."

THE extraordinary film that has been crowding the Marble Arch Pavilion for the last weeks presents a curious phenomenon and deserves to be more closely considered, not for itself alone, but for what it stands for in the annals of screen-history, and, above all, on account of the totally different opinions it has reaped in different quarters. Here is a film that in the Press, as amongst the people, roused the most contradictory comments. I have heard it loudly praised and as loudly condemned. I have heard an ordinary film-goer call it "too wonderful," and add that she "couldn't sleep all night for thinking of it." Immediately after, I heard a girl on a bus, talking to a companion, dismiss it coldly as "too made-up—I hate all that made-up scenery"; by which she doubtless meant that Mr. Fritz Lang has carried his passion for studio-built models too far and has not always troubled to disguise his "fakes." At any rate, she did not get the thrill that keeps one awake all night. Mr. H. G. Wells says of it roundly: "The silliest film; I do not believe it would be possible to make a sillier" (*Vide the Sunday Express*). And, finally, I have heard a group of German opinions summed up in the one expressive if unorthodox word—"Kitsch," which almost defies translation, unless you will permit me the inelegance of "bunkum."

Now here is a film that has won all these divergent verdicts, that cannot withstand the test of logic, and that really has little originality to commend it; and yet it has gripped the public, stimulated imagination and discussion, and caused Mr. H. G. Wells to devote a whole page to its vivisection. It represents a city of some hundred years hence, a city called far more aptly in the original German text "New Babel." It is enormously high, with aerial roadways spun hither and thither like the threads of a giant cobweb, aeroplanes sailing serenely between the sky-scrapers, and, far down below in the bowels of the earth, the city of the workers. All these things Mr. Wells himself invented, including the flying machines, some thirty years ago. I remember, when his story, "The Sleeper Awakes," appeared in serial form, poring over the illustrations that are now evoked out of the shadows of youth in amazing similarity by Mr. Lang's "Metropolis." Furthermore, Mr. Lang—or rather, Mr. Lang's scenarist—has borrowed from Capek's play,

name and all, a "Robot" without so much as an acknowledgment to the Czech playwright.

"New Babel," or "Metropolis," the city of a hundred years hence, is entirely worked from a huge hall of machinery which is owned, controlled, and dominated by the city's richest magnate. And here is a strange thing. This elaborate machinery of the future needs hundreds of human drudges, thousands of spiritless slaves, to work it, to shift levers, to turn wheels. One might have anticipated masses of unemployed, rumbling dangerously in subterranean turmoil, ousted from labour by the growth of machinery. But these phalanxes of docile, semi-automatic men employed in working machinery that even to-day would be set going by more machinery, in its turn worked by a couple of men at most, are utterly illogical. And the height of absurdity is reached when we find one worn-out slave set to work moving the heavy hands of a huge dial which, we are told, is the most vital spot of the whole mechanical contraption. He works, what is more, on a ten hours' shift. He is alone; there is no one even in the vicinity to reinforce him. When he collapses, the dial would have spun everything to blazes had not a rococo shepherd in a white satin shirt (who happens to be the hero) rushed up at the psychological moment and replaced the fainting workman. There are a dozen more absurdities of this sort in the film. The heroine preaches love and humanity in ancient catacombs, skulls and all, that might have been transported from Palermo. But how came these catacombs below the workers' city, which was itself excavated "fifty fathoms deep." The magnate's chief tool, half-inventor, half-magician, lives in a tiny house left standing when the great skyscrapers were built, and nestling up against one of them like a chick against a mammoth hen. Yet once within this tiny cottage, you find a vast laboratory and any amount of rooms. And as for the inventor's monkey-tricks with taps and levers and bubbling water and rings and flashes of electricity, when he is called upon to make a "robot" in the likeness of the heroine, they are quite frankly ludicrous, as meaningless to the audience as they obviously are to the actor who is called upon to execute them. There are no flights of prophetic imagination in this film whatsoever. Wearing apparel apparently undergoes no change during the next hundred years—except that youths run races in white satin shirts and riding-breeches. Neither aeroplanes nor motor-cars, nor Society "vamps" nor

furniture, will have found new forms in 2027, strange as this may seem.

The production is often naively reminiscent of a child's play-box. The luxuriant gardens of the idle rich seem to be made of chenille and pasteboard. And when the hero rushes out of the garden gate (the hero is never, under any circumstances, within doors or without, allowed to walk), his shadow is cast on the sky beyond! The children of the drudges entrapped in the workers' underground city, which is flooded by the smashing of the machinery overhead, come running and tumbling down their front door steps, swishing through the water by the dozen; but, though their flight continues, the group around the gong-crowned pedestal whereon the heroine seeks to save them never appears to grow beyond a certain size, just as the waters never seem to rise above a certain height for all the flooding and the opening of sluices that is going on.

And yet, uninspired as this picture seems to me to be, it has one quality, one quality in which Fritz Lang excels, one quality that may account for its hold on the imagination of so many people. It is the quality of strength—or, shall we say? of crushing power. Admitted that the music, admirably executed by the Marble Arch Pavilion Orchestra, and as admirably planned for its purpose, had something to do with this crude and battering effect, yet I must confess that I derived from this picture a sense of the colossal onward march of mechanical invention—of something akin to the heavy, unfaltering, unscrupulous tread of a legendary and enormous beast. Fritz Lang, like all clever producers, visualised the tremendous value of repeated movement. All this semblance of machinery, tiers and tiers of it, all working in rhythmic uniformity, all these drudges clad alike, shuffling along, shoulder to shoulder, in identical sections, all the motor-cars proceeding in the same direction or standing in long unbroken lines—you do get from this a feeling of some great weight stamping out individualism, leaving initiative, freedom of action, to the "top-dog" who lives on the proceeds of this great machine-driven organisation. It breeds a feeling of apprehension, and apprehension means thrill, and thrill means popularity. But it is bad art, and I doubt if it is good entertainment. Nor am I certain that Fritz Lang got as far as this deliberate intention. I rather think his aim was just sensationalism. Personally, I hope he will speedily get back to his earlier method, the method that gave us the "Siegfried."

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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

### MR. SEYMOUR HICKS IN A LOST MEMORY FARCE.

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fitted—at Wyndham's—with a play and a part that give him really admirable scope. His part, indeed, in "Mr. What's-His-Name?" a piece he himself has adapted from the French, is almost two parts, for it is concerned with a case of lost memory, with the predicament of a barber—somewhat of a flirt, it must be admitted, as he tends his lady customers, but still happily married and possessed of a family of two sets of twins—who is suddenly made to recover a lost identity, and is confronted with the wife of his former self, she having remarried and become the mother of another, and a very jealous, man's child. The situation of recovery in such a case can be made, as it is made here, infinitely ludicrous;

but it skirts perilously near the verge of tragedy. It needs, therefore, an actor of considerable resource: one who can open up for a moment vistas of mental strain and emotional distress, and promptly shut them off again. Mr. Hicks, who is so much more than a mere comedian, is just the man for the task. He can be gay and daring and breathless in his fun; but he can hint at something more, and there is a moment in this play, when his barber-hero sees the ground slipping from under him, and implores the doctor to restore him to his old unconscious happiness, in which Mr. Hicks's acting almost distresses by its sincerity. It is but a flash, as it should be in such an atmosphere; but it is a flash of power, of something very like genius. There are other players who do well—Miss Madeline Seymour, Miss Margaret Yarde, Mr. C. M. Hallard, Mr. Tristan Rawson, Mr. C. W. Somerset—but they would be the first to admit that the art which counts most at Wyndham's is that of Seymour Hicks.

### "LADY LUCK," AT THE NEW CARLTON.

"The casket is superior to the treasure it contains," one fears, must be the verdict passed on "Lady Luck";

and but for the exhaustless energy and versatility of Mr. Leslie Henson, and much good dancing, first-night visitors to the Carlton might not have found the sumptuous appointments and luxurious seats of the new theatre quite sufficient compensation for the weakness of the entertainment. Neither the music nor the singing is remarkable. The story of this musical comedy—which concerns Mormons—is a matter of no importance; on the other hand, the scenery is worthy of the beautiful home in

which it is staged; and the dancing always, and the humour fairly often, is first-rate. The dancers include Miss Phyllis Monkman, as energetic and graceful as ever. Mr. Laddie Cliff, who has lost none of his neatness; Mr. Cyril Ritchard and Miss Madge Elliott, in the two best turns of the piece; the Tiller Sisters, who show all their customary precision; and, of course, the handsome and lively chorus. On Mr. Henson rests the main burden of keeping the audience in good humour, and he is equal to the task, thanks to the support of Mr. Cliff and Mr. John Kirby. He is, indeed, in George Robey's old phrase, "a Prime Minister of mirth."

### "THE TRANSIT OF VENUS." AT THE AMBASSADORS.

In "The Transit of Venus," Captain Harwood has given us an interesting and witty comedy which compels thought, while affording plenty of amusement. His theme, if he had handled it seriously, might have landed him very near tragedy; treated as he treats it, lightly and somewhat cynically, he does little more than outline its possibilities and,

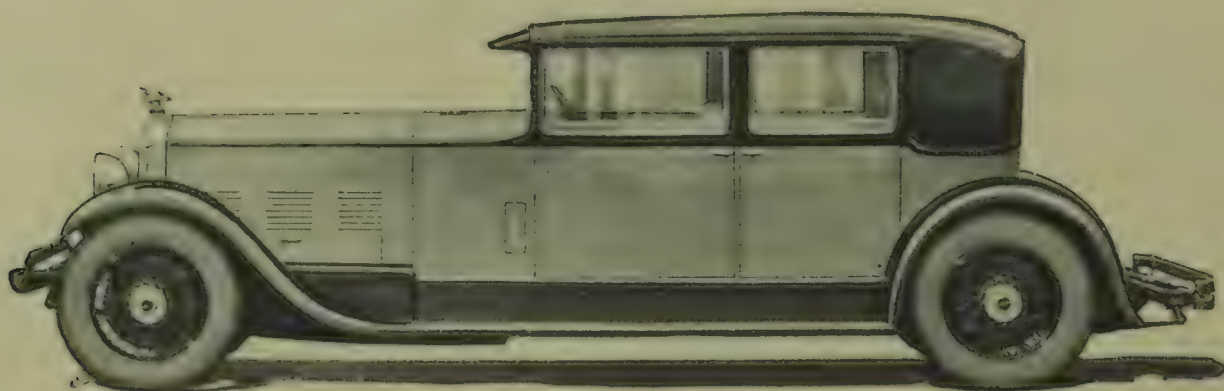
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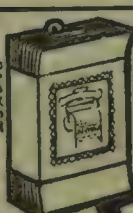
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with English self-consciousness, leaves them but half-explored. High-brows may object that he states the case of Oriental victims of civilisation but half-heartedly; sentimentalists may protest that his siren-woman seeking adventures with some "he"-man in the desert is utter burlesque; the rest of us can be glad that we get so much truth and humour and fairness in a story of high politics and the clash of Eastern and Western ideals, in his picture of a mandated territory, the peace of which is threatened on the one hand by the schemes of an oil-seeking syndicate, and on the other by the antics of a silly woman. Venus is the more dangerous influence, and here is Mr. Harwood's theme. He shows us how a crazy modern edition of a Lady Wortley Montagu, gushing, loquacious, egotistical, erotic, throwing herself at an aide-de-camp in the desert, and forcing him to the trick of getting them both captured, can nearly cause a war and wreck the policy of a State; and, incidentally, he provides a cruel travesty on the sort of novelette that seems to fascinate hundreds of thousands of unsophisticated modern readers. He also gives us in one splendid burning moment an Eastern khan's indictment of what Westerners call progress, improvement, and civilisation. Too much of that sort of thing would break down the light texture of his play; as it is, we feel that the khan is going to be badly treated in the end, despite the kindness of English officials. But the speech, eloquently delivered by Mr. Raymond Massey, leaves its effect; and who knows whether Miss Athene Seyler's relentless parody of eroticism, purposely void of voluptuousness, but gloriously comic, may not be the death of the sham-romanticism it pillories? These artists have the parts. Mr. Allan Aynesworth, Mr. Nicholas Hannen, and Mr. Nigel Playfair are all excellent; and two young players, Mr. Archibald Batty and Miss Barbara Dillon, reveal considerable promise.

#### "THE WHITE CHATEAU." AT ST. MARTIN'S.

"The White Chateau," by Reginald Berkeley, one of the best war plays we have had on the stage, has found a home at the St. Martin's, where its realistic trench-scenes, its droll portrait of a Cockney soldier, its figures of men going "over the top" in the grey dawn, and the air of fantasy which invests the story, should make a fresh and perhaps wider appeal to London audiences. There is a good all-round cast of players, among whom Mr. Ivor Barnard, Mr. Lawrence Anderson, Mr. Austin Trevor, Mr. Douglas Jefferies, Mr. H. R. Hignett, and Miss Norah Robinson distinguish themselves; while the lay figure of the Chronicler obtains impressive elocution from Mr. Henry Oscar. As a parable on the wastefulness of war, this play should chime in with the sentiment of to-day.

### THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

YOUNG 'UN. By HUGH DE SELINCOURT. (Methuen; 7s. 6d.)

"Young 'un" is the history of a small boy—not quite the average small boy, because we perceive in him the spirit of the author who is to be; but not in any way the abnormal child. It is his authentic adventures, and they are dated some forty years back, before the frocks of mothers were aggressively youthful, and before the long family had become a rarity. To anyone who knew the southern suburbs in those days, and especially to old Dulwich boys, it will have a peculiar interest. To the larger public it will come as a book of extraordinary charm and intimacy. What are the adventures of little boys? They are the creepy passage of the cinder path by the potting sheds; riding to school in the train with the friendly guard; the possession of a very own dog; and (alas!) the illogical injustices of grown-up people. "Young 'Un" is not sad; on the contrary, it is a happy book. But sometimes it stirs regrets and remorses that any older person should throw even the transient shadow of suffering over trustful, eager, sensitive small boys, for whom, as Hugh de Selincourt puts it, "the feel of things" is not yet dulled by experience. All the grown-ups ought to read "Young 'Un."

HIBISCUS HEART. By M. FORREST. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)

The Queensland bush makes a fine setting for M. Forrest's romance. There is generous measure in "Hibiscus Heart" of the scents and flowers of the sub-tropical wild, and of the beauty of creaming surf and dazzling beaches. The opening, in which Gordon wakes from drunkenness to the horror of believing that he has killed a man, is a stirring chapter. The rough life of the back-blocks teens, as one might expect, with vigorous incident, but the law and order of a British Dominion carry their due weight. Queensland authority runs, and Judge Lynch is unknown. The cattle thieves are the villains of the piece; and it is good to observe how ably the police proceed in the difficult job of bringing them to justice. Mr. Forrest is a poet as well as a novelist, and possibly he lingers a little too long over his descriptions. Yet he may be forgiven because of their admirable quality. There is a strong love interest, and "Hibiscus Heart" is a capital Antipodean novel.

KINDLING AND ASHES. By GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON. (Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)

The author of "Brewster's Millions" deals with a group of crude people in "Kindling and Ashes." The technique of his writing is, of course, highly efficient: it is on the human side that the story repels. Not all the pride of Southern ancestry can away with the fact

that the Waynes are snobs, or that Barbara Wayne in particular is a cowardly and dishonest-minded snob. She should be a figure to excite sympathy, but she is not. These people, citizens of a little American town, have morbidly long memories and a perverted sense of honour. Murder to them is a matter of being found out, and family feeling a matter of hushing up scandal. All very true to type, perhaps, in Hurdleford, U.S.A.; but when we have George Barr McCutcheon using his powerful gifts to interest us in the Hurdleford circle we really feel we are being hardly done by. "Kindling and Ashes" is a book that, once opened, insists on being read; but it is not because the characters have been made attractive.

We regret to find that, through a photographer's mistake, a portrait given in our issue of April 9 and described as representing the late Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, the eminent Canadian lawyer and politician, was in reality one of his father, the late Sir Charles Tupper, Bt., the Canadian statesman. Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper died recently, at the age of seventy-one, at his home in Vancouver, where he had lived for thirty years.

The 1927 edition of the Vacuum Oil Company's very informative little book, "Correct Lubrication," is now available. It contains, in addition to the previous features, several new illustrations, and has been modified in every way in accordance with the most modern tendency in engine and chassis design. Any of our readers may obtain this useful little volume free of charge by sending a post-card to the Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., Caxton House, Westminster, S.W.1.

"The Royal Academy Illustrated" (published by Walter Judd, Ltd.) is such a well-known publication that it requires no introduction. This year's issue, which is now on sale at the usual price of 2s. 6d., keeps up its high standard of excellence both in the choice of the subjects illustrated and the admirable reproductions achieved. Sir Arthur Cope's portrait of H.M. the King occupies the front page, and a full page is, of course, devoted to Richard Jack's portrait of her Majesty the Queen. Other notable portraits illustrated are Orpen's painting of Miss Penelope Lawrence, M.A., and the same artist's picture of the Countess of Lisburne. Gerald Kelly's portraits of E. Guy Dawber, Esq., P.R.I.B.A., "Kathleen Ismay," and Lady Birkmyre are all pictured. Glyn Philpot's decorative "Mrs. Henry Mond" is also given, and many other notable portraits. Classical studies are represented by Glyn Philpot, Eric George, Spencer Watson, Maurice Greiffenhagen, and W. Russell Flint; and the much-discussed subject pictures by Mrs. Dod Procter and Ernest Procter have also been selected. "The Royal Academy Illustrated" makes a delightful souvenir of the Academy.

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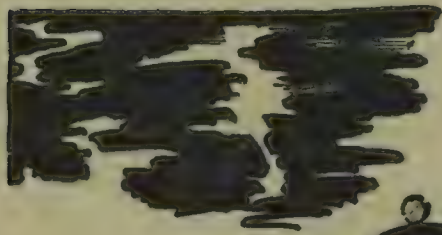


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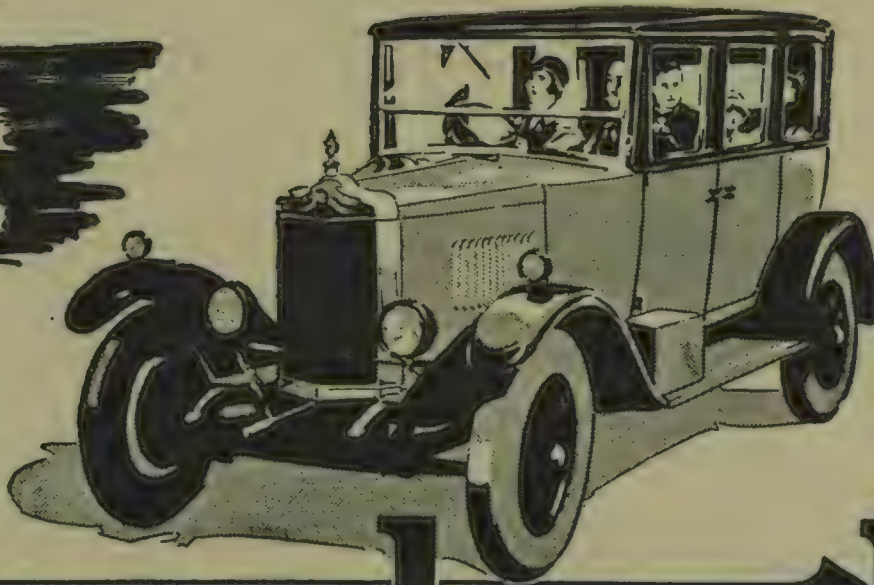
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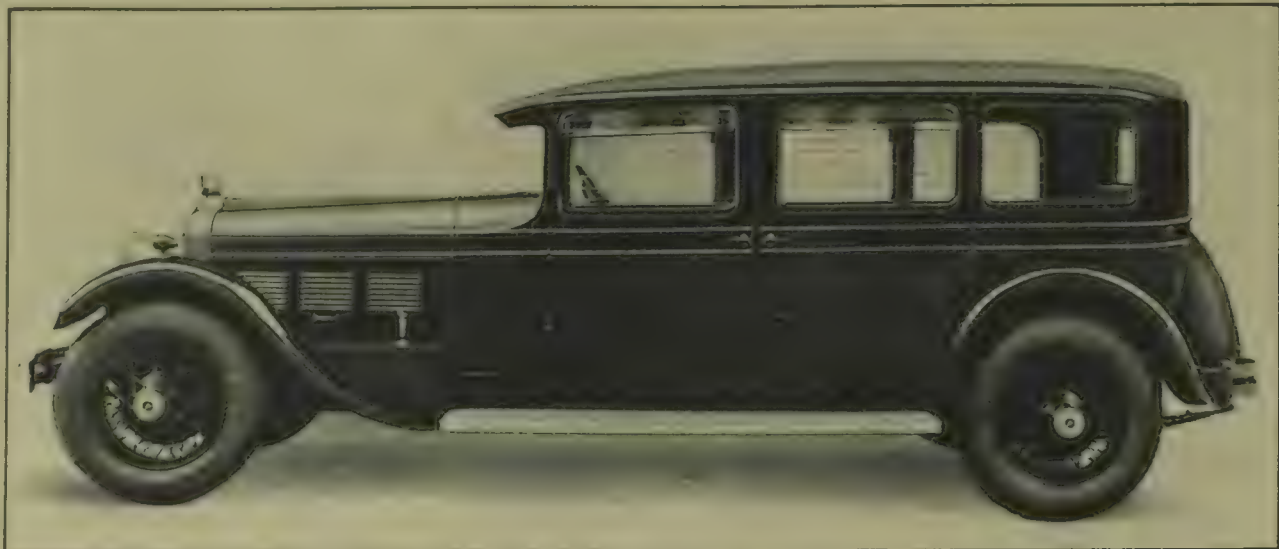


## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

## A REALLY FINE AMERICAN CAR.

ONE of the most facile expressions which we motor-owners are apt to use when describing cars is when we say that this or that model is easy and comfortable to drive. We probably know what we mean when we say that a car is really comfortable, but there are so many different aspects of the question of comfort that one adjective alone is not nearly enough to express everything. There is body comfort and engine comfort and driving comfort, to say nothing of steering comfort (one of the most important of all) and ease-of-brake-action comfort, and, of course, suspension comfort. Yet I believe that, when one says of this or that car that it is comfortable to drive, one really means that the engine has a great deal of extremely easily controlled power.

That, at any rate, is what I feel about



OUR CAR OF THE WEEK: THE NEW "SAFETY" STUTZ, "A REALLY FINE" AMERICAN VEHICLE.

## A Story in a Nutshell

Review once again a few of those well known slogans which have characterised Dodge Brothers advertising during the past twelve years—

A Good Name  
Dependable  
Long Life  
World-Wide Good Will  
Better than Ever

To build a product of which these things can be said, is a record of which any great organisation might well be proud.

And it explains the implicit faith that people everywhere repose in the integrity of Dodge Brothers and in the goodness of the motor cars they build.

DODGE BROTHERS (BRITAIN) LTD.  
FACTORY: PARK ROYAL, LONDON, N.W. 10.

# DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS



the new "Straight Eight" American Stutz. On any ordinary road you have as much speed and practically as much acceleration as the ordinary person would require within, as it were, easy reach. The engine is not, at any rate from the American point of view, anything more than moderate-sized, but the feel of it, especially when picking up from about fifteen miles an hour to fifty, and when you wish to keep up a steady sixty miles an hour, certainly suggests considerably more engine capacity. You have this very remarkable flexibility, rather unusual acceleration, and as high a maximum speed as you are likely to want on any British road, almost literally, as they say in the catalogues, at your fingers' ends. I have driven very few cars which were more comfortable or easier to handle than this new Stutz.

The eight-cylinder engine, which is cast in a single block, has a bore of 81 and a stroke of 114, giving it a Treasury rating of 33 h.p. and an annual tax of £33. The maximum power is developed at 3200 revolutions, the figure being given at 92 h.p. This is, I should say, a high estimate. The valves are operated by an overhead "direct-action" cam-shaft without rocker arms, push rods, or rollers. The whole unit is unusually neatly laid out for an American car, and everything you want to get at is easily accessible. An air-cleaner and an oil-rectifier are part of the standard equipment.

The suspension is by half-elliptics fore and aft, the front springs being thirty-eight inches long and the rear no less than sixty-two. Shock-absorbers called stabilizers (a good description, it struck me) and automatic shackle and leaf lubrication combined to produce remarkably good effects. I liked the way the Stutz sat down on the road no less than the way in which its springing insulated me from its inequalities. Very large balloon tyres are part of the standard equipment, but they had no ill-effects on the steering, which was excellent. Incidentally, the latter incorporates a variable reduction gear, and is stated to allow a turning radius of twenty-one feet.

As I said just now, the Stutz is decidedly a lively car. I did not judge its qualities in this direction by stop-watch, but, as its acceleration impressed me a good deal, some of the figures quoted by the makers may be of interest. It is claimed that you can accelerate from five to twenty-five miles an hour in 6½ sec.; from ten to fifty miles an hour in 18 sec.; and that you can stop dead, from a speed of sixty miles an hour, in 171 feet—or, if you prefer to put it that way, in 4 sec. Four seconds! Let me hasten to say that I made no such attempt. I call this a distinctly surprising figure, after which a stop from thirty miles an hour in 2 sec. and from twenty miles an hour in 1½ sec. seem tame. The equivalent distances for the last two times are 43 and 19 feet.

The whole chassis is full of interesting points, not the least being the Myers system of chassis-lubrication, by means of which each moving part is fed with oil

[Continued overleaf.]



A. H. PASS and  
C. J. JOYCE,  
Directors—Pass  
and Joyce, Ltd.



### WHAT THE PASS AND JOYCE SERVICE ACTUALLY IS

The constant aim of the Pass and Joyce Service is to ensure the complete and lasting satisfaction of every client. We believe that there is no other organisation where the private buyer can deal with such absolute confidence. Among the advantages that we offer are:

- The finest selection of cars in London.
- A wide range of high-grade used cars.
- Exceptional facilities for Part Exchange deals.
- Generous Deferred Payment terms.
- Impartial and expert advice on all leading makes of cars.
- Specialised experience in Sunbeam, Austin and Standard cars.
- Willing and efficient After-Sales interest.

If you are considering the purchase of a car, our knowledge and resources are freely at your disposal.

## MR PASS and MR JOYCE talk ~ about PART EXCHANGE DEALS

Mr. PASS: "Now here's an interesting letter. The writer has a 1925 6-cylinder Saloon, and he is thinking of buying a new Sunbeam. He's been recommended to us as Sunbeam specialists, but first he wants a definite offer for his present car."

Mr. JOYCE: "If he'll bring the car round we'll make him an excellent offer at once; or if he prefers it, we'll send our head salesman down to him."

Mr. PASS: "Yes, I'm sure we shall be able to allow him the highest market value for his car as we have a number of prospective clients to whom we could dispose of it."

Mr. JOYCE: "Our friend seems to have a keen eye to business, but I'm confident that he'll be thoroughly satisfied with the whole transaction."



LONDON'S LARGEST MOTOR SHOWROOMS

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Telegrams:  
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A Humber model recently supplied to H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught

### A Household Word for Quality

THE 20/55 h.p. Humber "Six" Models are outstanding productions of British enterprise in luxurious automotive construction. In fineness of line, finish, and appointment they never fail to impress all who examine them. The 9/20 Models in the class of light cars, meet a widespread public want of the day—a Car of medium power and price, smart appearance and comfortable design.

20/55 H.P. 6-cyl. 5-Seater Tourer	£725
20/55 H.P. 6-cyl. 5/7-Seater Saloon and Landalette	£940
20/55 H.P. 6-cyl. 5/7-Seater Saloon Limousine on long wheel-base Chassis	£1,050

Dunlop Tyres Standard.

FRONT-WHEEL BRAKES are now Standard Equipment on all 9/20 H.P. Humber Cars. Models are available for immediate delivery.

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## GREEN'S LAWN MOWERS and ROLLERS

Since 1835, Green's have been the pioneers of all that is best in Lawn Mowers, Rollers, etc. The "Silens Messor" is very light running, practically noiseless, and gives a fine even surface. Reversible Cylinder has 8 Cutters, adjustable to any cut. Special Machines for Putting and Bowling Greens include extra Cutter and close-cutting Blade.

Write for free Illustrated Booklet No. 51.

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(Obtainable from Iron-  
mongers, Stores, etc.)

GREEN'S secured  
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Note particularly the MODEL  
DE LUXE "SILENS MESSOR"  
Hand Lawn Mower, fitted with Ball  
Bearings, etc.



Of old, they cried—McCallum More!  
Now, their cry is—More McCallum!





A WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS AS MOTORIST: MISS MADGE TITHERADGE IN A VERY SMART LITTLE CLYNO SALOON.

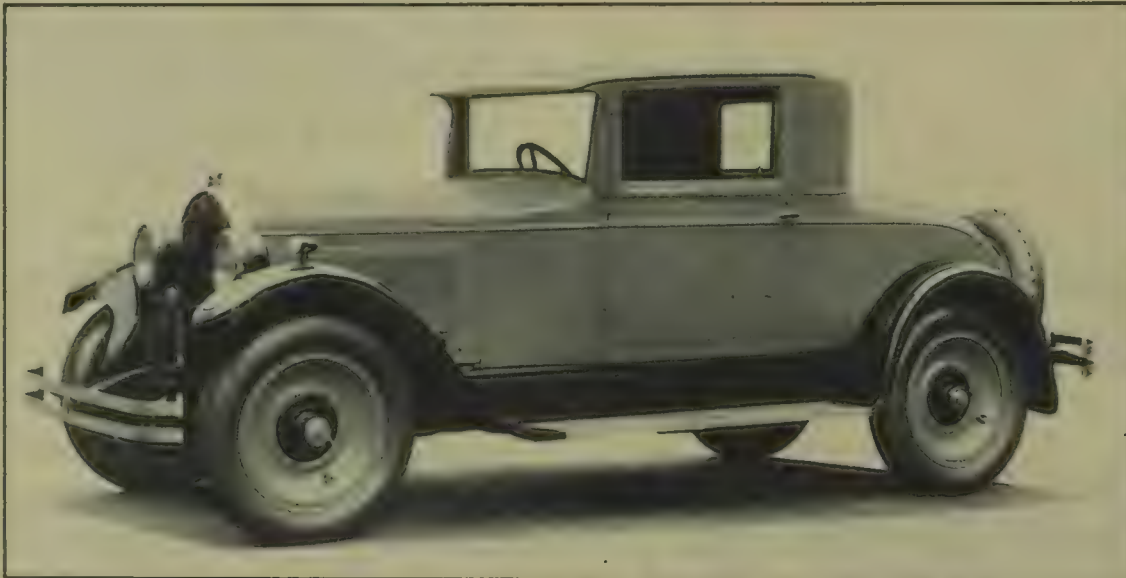
from local magazines by capillary action through wicks. Each local magazine contains enough oil for three months' normal driving, and is automatically refilled from the engine when needed. The four-wheel brake system is of the Timken design, which is known as hydrostatic. Again I must quote from the catalogue, to make the thing clear. "There is nothing on the brakes to adjust," it remarks, "as they are permanently equalised. Each brake is divided into six shoes, which are uniformly actuated by an expanding circular tube, giving equalised braking pressure at every point on every wheel. Leakage is impossible, as there are no cylinders and no pistons. The entire system is of continuous tubular construction, hermetically sealed." The description ends with the claim that the brake linings will last several times longer than in brakes of conventional design.

In action I found this system remarkably powerful and unusually safe—by which I mean that there was no "woolliness" when I expected firmness (a commoner fault than you might think), and that the brakes could be violently applied without any risk.

After very careful consideration I have come to the conclusion that, seeing what I asked of it, I have really no fault at all to find with the performance of this Stutz. The various roads over which I take cars on test are more representative of the average give-and-take road to be found in this country away from the main roads than of the kind of highway on which very big speeds can be obtained. Nevertheless, each of them comprises a section on which acceleration, or the lack of it, can be very swiftly verified. It is the kind of stretch upon which a light high-power car can generally reach its maximum speed—say, up to about seventy miles an hour—but on which a car weighing over two tons finds considerable difficulty in getting within speaking distance of sixty miles an hour. The Stutz was not very lucky in the matter of traffic, and only sixty-four miles an hour was recorded on the speedometer at any time. Yet the ease and the speed with which that figure was attained showed me that, given suitable conditions, something well over seventy miles an hour against the stopwatch could probably be recorded.

The engine runs without any perceptible vibration at any speed from about walking pace to sixty-four miles an hour, which was the highest, as I said, reached on the trial. It is certainly one of the best-balanced engines I have ever driven, and one of the consequences of its quite outstanding smoothness of operation is that you are constantly disbelieving the evidence of the speedometer. The three-speed gear-box (I wonder when a high-class American factory is going

to turn out a car with a good four-speed gear-box), with its single dry-plate clutch, gives almost faultless gear-changing. After a few moments' practice,



A HUPMOBILE "STRAIGHT EIGHT" LIMOUSINE COUPÉ: A HANDSOME CAR FINISHED IN PUTTY-COLOURED CELLULOSE, WITH BLACK WINGS, BUILT FOR A SCOTTISH MOTORIST.

changes up and down can be made by the most mutton-fisted person absolutely noiselessly and

satisfyingly swiftly. The intermediate gear makes far too loud a hum for this class of car, and undoubtedly spoils an almost unique record for an American car. It is true that one could drive this car about most main roads in England without having to use second speed for more than a few moments at a time, but, when it comes to steady use on steep hills, it is certainly disappointing to find that so little trouble has been taken to keep it quiet in action.

The Stutz is a very fine hill-climber for its engine size, and the flexibility one would expect from an eight-cylinder engine of this design. I took it up Westerham Hill, which has a maximum gradient of one in six top, and the speed of the car on second gear (which was only necessary during the last quarter of the climb) was never less than thirty miles an hour. A point which I liked very much, and which one does not always find in American cars, was the absence of fuss made by the engine at high revolutions and under load. The last 400 yards of Westerham Hill generally call for a generous throttle-opening, and one must be prepared to make excuses for engine noise. The Stutz went through the business with commendable quietness, and, in fact, gave one the impression of having been designed, if not actually built, in one of the best European factories.

The body-work, which in the case under discussion is of the five-seater saloon type, is thoroughly comfortable and possesses the usual amenities. The feature, however, which appealed to me with the greatest force was the ventilation, which was practically beyond criticism. This, I believe, is due to the peculiar system of windows. Outside and on the top of each window-frame there is a fixed glass wind-shield some four inches deep, extending downwards

at an angle of about fifty degrees, which effectively prevents any draught passing over the windows when they are slightly open at the top. It is a very neat arrangement, and, so far as I could ascertain on a thoroughly disagreeable, cold, and windy day, absolutely satisfactory. The whole appearance of the car is particularly good, and, although it is of very large dimensions, the proportions are excellent, and it does not look anything like so big as it really is.

The price of the five-seater saloon or of the five-seater brougham is £1075, at which figure I consider it to be easily one of the most interesting imported cars we have seen for some time.

It is very seldom indeed that I try a car of this class and price with so few points calling for criticism. JOHN PRIOLEAU.



THE NEW "SHIP OF THE DESERT": A DODGE BROTHERS TOURING CAR, ONE OF THREE BOUGHT FOR AN ARAB RULER.

"A real sheik," we read, "has joined the great family of Dodge Brothers motor-car owners. Messrs. Vester and Co., their agents at Jerusalem, report the sale of three Dodge Brothers touring cars to Sheik Fiaz, who made the purchase for Ibn Saud, ruler of Jebel Shammar, Arabia. The 700-mile trip from Hail, the capital of Jebel Shammar, to Jerusalem was made by camel and railroad, and took nearly two weeks. Sheik Fiaz and his retinue expect to return in their newly-purchased cars in three days. Jebel Shammar has had but one motorist visitor. This was during the war days, when a German military car penetrated the immense deserts. To-day, however, it is common to see Dodge Brothers cars and Graham Brothers trucks in Arabia and Palestine."





*Allerford—and a Buick.*



# Adding a new zest to life



*This photograph of the Dominion Two-door Saloon shows the exceptional visibility afforded by its one-piece wind-screen, and the exceptionally large-sized windows. Interior arrangements leave nothing to be desired in fine finish and provision for comfort. Finished in beautiful light-blue Belco.*

*Price £425*



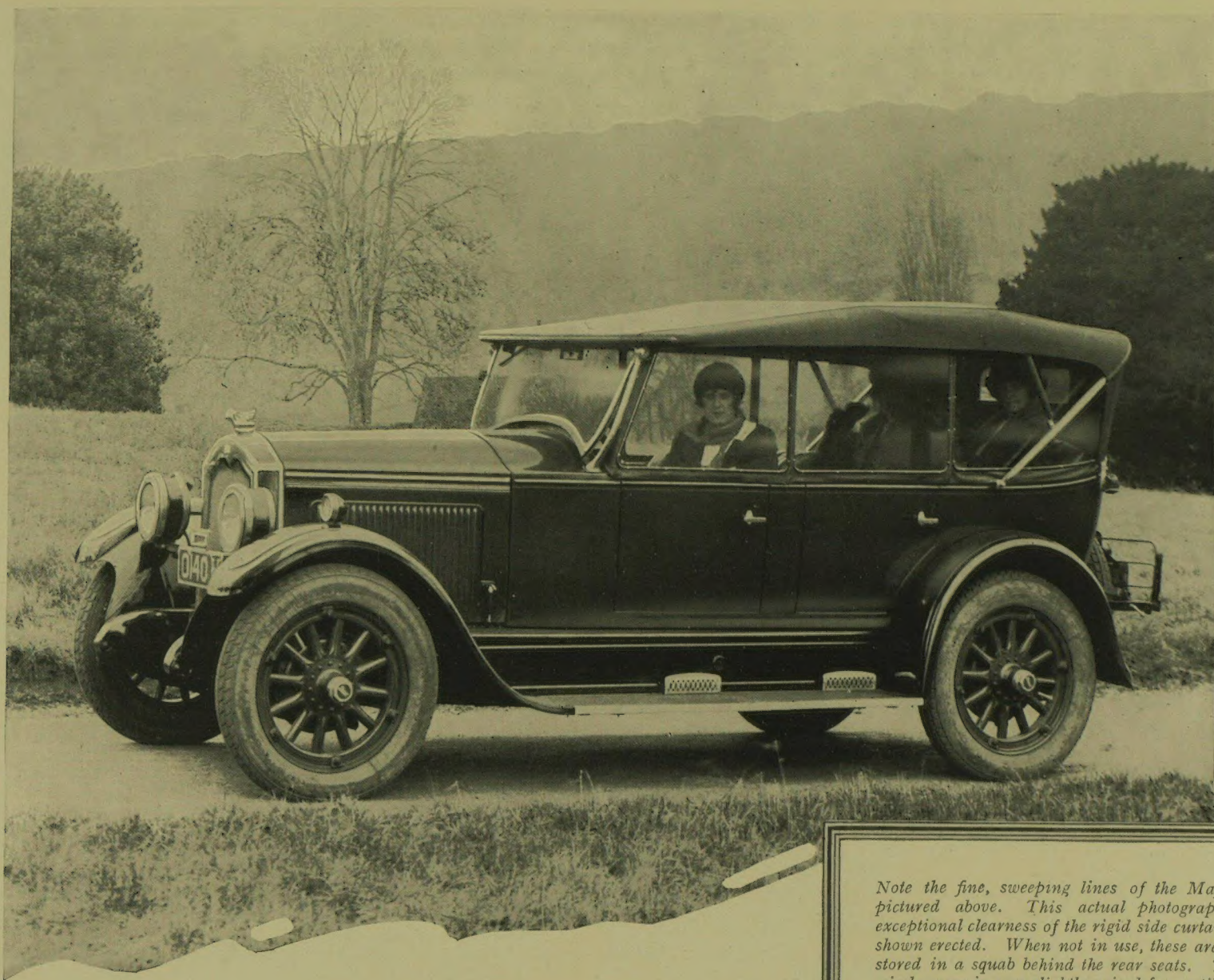
UMMER time has begun. Long days are just around the corner. Soon there will be golf in the evenings, week-ends by the sea. Fresh scenes to discover. Favourite haunts to re-visit. As cities grow, as cars increase, our pleasures beckon from further away, and pleasure comes first to him who can travel fast and far.

Off the beaten track, where rutted roads say "No!" to many cars, you can go in your Buick. There are hills to conquer, straight moorland roads that invite you to

enjoy more speed. There are leafy lanes, peaceful farms, and quaint old-world cottages to admire as you slip silently by.

From the moment you start out—getting into top gear in a few yards—your enjoyment begins. For Buick, more than any other car, is delightfully in tune with the freedom of the great outdoors. It is a real relief to drive a Buick—to stretch your legs, to forget the gear lever. It is a splendid feeling to travel at two, or sixty, or more miles and be unconscious of vibration or noise or anything mechanical.





*Note the fine, sweeping lines of the Majestic Tourer pictured above. This actual photograph shows the exceptional clearness of the rigid side curtains, which are shown erected. When not in use, these are conveniently stored in a squab behind the rear seats. The one-piece wind-screen is seen slightly raised for ventilation. Ample accommodation for five is provided in its deeply sprung seats.*

*Price £398*

In your Buick you will find a happier, freer motoring—speed with safety, always a little more power than you want, and luxurious smoothness all the way.

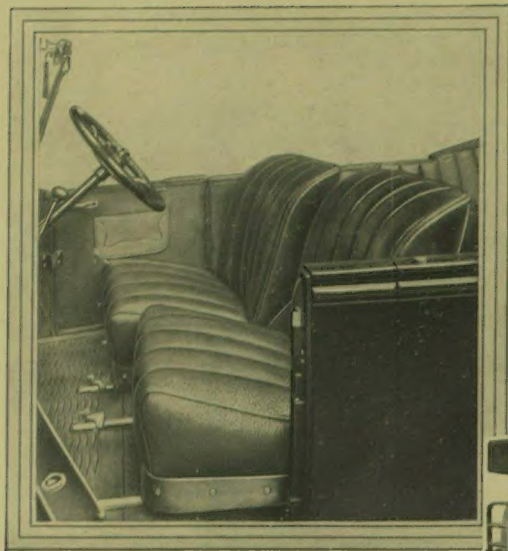
At close of day, after hours on the road, you and your passengers will alight fresh and cheery, grateful that in Buick motoring there is no fatigue, no muscular tension, no mental strain. The more you enjoy motoring, the more you will enjoy your Buick. For Buick adds a new zest to life, helping you to find greater enjoyment

in the places you love to see, the things you like to do. There will be happier days this summer if Buick is your car.

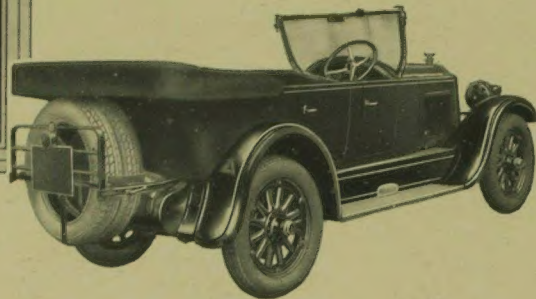
If you do not know the joy of Buick motoring, treat yourself to a new experience. Only by taking the wheel of a Buick can you find out just what happiness Buick ease of control, comfort, power and distinctive beauty can offer. Any Buick dealer will be delighted to place a car at your disposal for this purpose.

***When Better Cars are Built  
—Buick will Build them***





*In the Majestic Tourer the front seats are of the sliding bucket type, adjustable for leg room so that every driver is sure of the most complete comfort and convenience in handling the car. Every control is scientifically placed for operation with a minimum of movement and without effort. Below you see the spare tyre carrier, with accommodation for two tyres, and the sturdily built folding luggage grid.*



## The Buick Range —

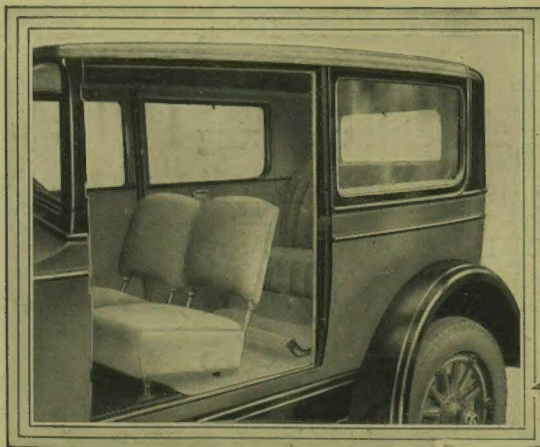
Whatever your motoring needs may be, you will find in the Buick range the very car to suit your purpose. Closed or open models, two-seater, five-seater and seven-seater are included—all at prices which make Buick the finest value to be obtained to-day.

### Compare Buick Values

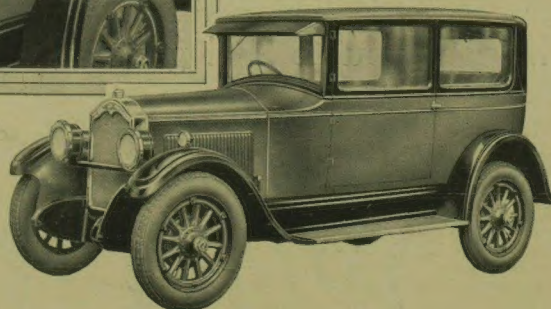
On the 114½" Light Chassis	On the 128" Master Chassis
Dominion 2-Door Saloon (upholstered in Grey Cloth or Blue Leather) . . . . . £425 Majestic Tourer (in Blue or Maroon) . . . . . £398 Empire 4-Door Saloon (upholstered in Brown Leather or Grey Repp) . . . . . £485 Country Club Roadster . . . . . £415	Monarch 7-Seater Tourer . . . . . £525 Pullman Limousine (7-Seater) . . . . . £725 Piccadilly 2-Seater (wire wheels) . . . . . £550 Regent 5-Seater Tourer . . . . . £560

## The Buick Catalogue

A post-card will bring you a copy of the Buick catalogue, giving you full technical information about the greatest Buick ever built. Working parts are illustrated and fully described, and each model is shown in full colours.



*In the Dominion Saloon the extra-wide doors give easy accessibility to the rear seats without disturbing those in front. When desired, either of the front seats may be folded entirely out of the way. All windows, as well as the wind-screen, are adjustable for ventilation, offering the advantages in summer of an open car. The interior is beautifully carpeted, and upholstery is carried out in charming grey broadcloth, or in real leather at no extra cost.*



GENERAL MOTORS LTD., EDGWARE ROAD, THE HYDE, LONDON, N.W.9